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ITALY REVISITED



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ITALY RE-VISITED:

A Series of Pictures.

SEQUEL TO

ITALY AND HER CAPITAL.

BY

E. S. G. S.,

AUTHOR OF THISTLE-DOWN; EZRA; DAVID; NEHEMIAH; ETC.



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TO MY FRIENDS,
AND
TO THE FRIENDS OF ITALY,
THESE PAGES ARE INSCRIBED.



INTRODUCTION.

So he was gone. Earth's often careless voice,
Not careless now, said that great heart was still ;
And so I felt that I must go to lay
One wreath for England on the grave of him
England had loved so well, and had received
As with the clasp of her encircling arms.
'Tis over now—that life of patient toil,
More patient hope, and love more patient still :
The love which would not be repelled or slain.
He that had freed his land, himself is free ;
Free from this world's deceits, from Time's close web
Of hampering error ; free to know and be
That which God willed him. For I *must* believe
That through the greater love of Him Who died,
And hath redeemed us by His own shed blood,
That heart reposes now upon Love's Source,
The sweet and sacred centre of all worlds.
And I could e'en rejoice he has escaped
Those swiftly coming days most perilous,
Which shall deceive (if that might be,) the elect.
He was so soon deceived : being himself
So guileless—it is well that he is gone.

* * * * *

I went by night and day ; borne o'er rough seas,
Under dark mountains, and through many straits,
And laid the wreath,* blessing him inwardly.
Then gazed around upon his island-home
And, listening for his mellow voice in vain,
Passed through the rooms unlighted by his smile,
And thought how I had seen him sitting there
With face as of an Angel-visitant
To this dark earth. They fought again in speech
The battles of the past, in eager strife
To prove that each had over each excelled.
Only one thought was mine : He is not here.
So, feeling I had done what things I could,
I left the Isle—down through the scented shrubs
Filling the air with balm, the Cypresses,
The flowerless myrtles, and the granite stones,
That now will form his tomb, on to the sea,
The wild blue sea, which, mirroring the sky
Bending above with yearning tenderness
As though to soothe her sorrow, will roll on,
Chanting, until her hour of doom shall come,
The dirge of him once cradled by her waves,
Whose form in age Death lays by her again.

E. S. G. S.

La Maddalena, Italy, June 13th, 1882.

* The wreath was laid on the provisional tomb,
Saturday, June 10th, 1882.

PREFACE.

AFTER sixteen years, the death of Garibaldi took me again to Italy ; and as before I chronicled my experiences on my return, and gained thereby some friends who have brightened my life's pathway since, besides sharing those experiences through their perusal with others—old and long-valued friends—from whom the actual travel had separated me in the flesh, I am now impelled once more to seek an audience to address on this silent highway of written speech ; for I have certain things to say which I wish some, at least, to hear. Some of those friends, whose eyes rested on the volume to which this is the sequel, are now in a City fairer than any therein described. But “there are still some few remaining,” and to them, especially, I now speak, inviting their companionship as I retrace my way through the shadow-land of Memory.

If the sea has been serene
God its calmness gave ;
But for Him it would have been
In the storm our grave.
With the need His succour grew ;
Therefore sing we “Hitherto
Thou, LORD, hast to us been true.”

Mourning one, now weeping fast,
Having lost thy treasure !
Yet rejoice that grief is past,
Over with thy pleasure.
If the Future threaten still,
Trust Him Who will guide, until
No more tears thine eyes shall fill.
Tread we firmly then our path
In the LORD'S own power,
Owning Him our Guide, Who hath
Kept us to this hour.
Small will seem Earth's woes and few
When in Heaven we sing anew,
“ He hath helped us hitherto.”

Translated from the Italian.

The winds they roar, the waves they rise,
Then furiously into the skies
Foam-tossing, sink again ;
And, in the midst, a tiny bark
In agonizing strife, I mark,
With the tremendous main.
Death watches with his eager eye ;
But in the midst most peacefully
The sinless One doth sleep.
“ Save, LORD, we perish,” comes the call ;
Carest Thou not that we should fall
And perish in the deep ?

Up-rising, tenderly He saith,
“ Why fear, O ye of little faith ?
Know ye not *I* am here ? ”
He lifts His hand, and lo ! the gale
At once in reverence doth quail,
Owning its Master near.

This life from cradle unto grave
It is the crossing of the wave
Of a most dangerous sea ;
And now the mariner must learn
To meet the tempest’s anger stern,
Now hidden rocks to flee.

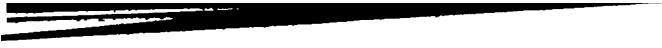
But if the Lord be with us too
Can winds or waves aught evil do,
However loud they roar,
To those who make His strength their stay ?
Oh ! no ! His voice they still obey
As in the days of yore.

From the Italian.

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ITALY RE-VISITED.

CHAPTER I.

FROM HARWICH TO GENOA.

A journey in a Journey. As we flee
O'er Time's swift tide towards Eternity,
Some of us cruise in body to and fro,
Equally travellers if we stay or go.

IT was a dark, gloomy evening, heralding storm, when at half-past nine, June 5, 1882, I embarked in the Princess of Wales, leaving the unpretentious port of Harwich for the Continent, whither my way led over the green-gray German Ocean, which our Teutonic forefathers traversed when they came to make Britain England. There was a heavy swell, and the ship rolled like the representative Dutchman of the shores we were approaching. At last, after the more tranquil passage of the Scheldt, which for many miles beyond Antwerp is the ship's highway, we

reached that city about nine on the following morning. Sandy and desolate it appeared to my weary eyes. A long walk separates the Quay from the Railway Station, but this road was shortened from the Cathedral by one of those tramcars for which Antwerp bears the palm on the Continent for cheapness and convenience. I found that no train left for Italy until past three in the afternoon, but then I was able to take a through ticket to Milan, which, speed being my object, I gladly procured. First past Brussels, and afterwards the more recently memorable towns of Metz and Strasburg, we sped, first through the twilight, and then through the gloom of night. About seven a.m. the next day Bâle, or Basel, was attained. I had no idea then of the delight which I should experience, on my return journey, in that picturesque place. But now on, still on, was my motto. About two in the afternoon came the passage under St. Gothard, the tunnel having just been completed. There are numberless small tunnels, but it occupied exactly five-and-twenty minutes to pass through the tunnel *par excellence*.

Awful was the grand, huge Mountain ; and, to my fancy, frowns darkened the Giant's brow, as though at the intrusion of man with his puny works into the silence and solitude of his domain. Yet is there something sublime in the intermingling of the rushing clouds of steam with the equally fleeting mists forming the Monarch's varying robe. And now, gradually came softer sights and sounds, announcing our approach to Italy,—Lugano's blue lake and Como's fair expanse. Then the falling shadows of evening drew a veil over Nature's loveliness, and it was the transparent darkness of the summer night by the time we stopped at Milan. Forward still, was my cry, in order that, if possible, I might be present at that funeral, of the hour or even the day fixed for which the papers gave no certain information. Therefore from Milan I proceeded without delay to Genoa, where I alighted at midnight. I betook myself to the Hôtel de Londres as the most accessible, thankful for a few hours' rest from the roll of the boat, and the rush of the train. I had thought that possibly a vessel might leave Genoa for

Caprera in the morning. But no! I found that I must go on to Livorno. So after a time of quiet repose in the small upper room which looked over to the white cliff-like houses opposite, with their bright-hued flowers in the crevices of the high walls, I left as soon as could be, viz., nine a.m., for the lively streets and busy port of the latter town.

CHAPTER II.

FROM GENOA TO LIVORNO.

And they were laying *then* the hero's form,
If only for awhile, before they do
Obediently *his will*, within the Tomb.
Italy seemed to know it, for she shed
Wild bursts of tears,—and the same sea which bathed
His birthplace, moaned, and, heaving restlessly,
Was like a mother's bosom stirred by woe.

AT nine in the morning of Thursday, June 8th, I took train from Genoa to Livorno. I could learn nothing certain from the papers, one of which I obtained at almost every station, as to the time of the funeral. The train was third-class, and therefore moved very slowly. Slowness, under any other circumstances, would have been pleasurable through that region of exquisite loveliness. I had traversed it sixteen years before in a diligence, but the train seemed to go scarcely more swiftly. At every point it stopped, and every separate stage was as the unfolding of a

new flower of beauty. Nervi, Sori, Chiavari, names of places which whosoever has seen needs only their repetition to bring back their indescribable charm. Groves of olive and myrtle with a back ground of rock, and flowers of the softest and most brilliant hues in the gardens and on the walls encircling the many villas rising frequently in white stateliness ; these on the one side ;—and on the other the blue sea, almost close to which the train often passed ; the blue sea, of that blue of incomparable, proverbial depth, murmuring at first gently, but, as the day wore on, becoming hoarse in its tones, while fierce gusty showers splashed against the panes. I afterwards found that the remains of Garibaldi were committed to their *provisional* resting place about two p.m. on *this* day, but of this fact all in those parts were then ignorant, and I, still hoping to be present, was impatient at the delay caused by the slow motion of the conveyance. It was quite five p.m. when we reached Pisa, and nearly six when we at length arrived at Livorno. Near to the station of the last-mentioned town was the small Albergo di

Minerva, to which I went at once, and where I met with ready Tuscan courtesy, and the quick comprehension both of needs and wishes distinguishing that intelligent race. There had literally been *no time* to procure in England the wreath which I wished to lay upon the tomb, after I had made my sudden resolve to go to place it there. I desired also a garb of deeper mourning than I was then wearing. All this I explained to the delicate lady-like attendant who came forward on my arrival. In a few minutes she again entered with one of the cypress-wreaths which had marked their own dwelling, and asked my acceptance thereof. Since, although it did not come *from* England, yet it might truly be said to be laid *for* England on the tomb, I myself having come from England for the purpose, I accepted the offer, saying, however, that I should have wished the wreath bound with ribbon of scarlet and of white, which with its own green, would form the Tri-colour of Italy. Another short delay, and she returned with ribbon of the desired colours wound around the cypress, and a long fall of thick black crape.

like tulle, which she had procured for me in spite of all the shops being closed,—that day being a festa bearing the blasphemous title of Corpus Domini. I heartily thanked her.

Now, after some necessary refreshment, I set forth through the throngs of the crowded streets, rejoicing in those motley-hued garments characteristic, in Italy at least, of most sea-port towns, the houses themselves, in many cases, sharing the same brightness of colour. I was in a conveyance (for which it afterwards proved that I was charged enormously), for time pressed, and my destination, before going on board the steamer for Caprera, was a dépôt of the Bible Society (whereof there is more than one in Livorno), as I wished to take a Testament to the widow of Garibaldi, as well as to the other members of his family and household. But, lo! our own dépôts were closed also on this festa; which seemed, I thought, an unwarrantable compliance with the customs of the land. Nevertheless, aided by an indefatigable “commissionaire” who accompanied me, I managed, by dint of loud and repeated knocks, to gain admission

into one repository. It was now growing late, and I trembled lest I should lose the boat, being very sure that another would not leave for Caprera, certainly before many evenings had passed. Therefore time pressed. The official who was at last brought into action, utterly failed to discover what I had thought would at once be ready to hand, viz., testaments of suitable size and binding. After long search (the first volumes brought down being all in French), an old and large Italian Bible was discovered, of a size suitable for the Family Bible of a Christian household. Having no choice, I bought it at an exorbitant price, and, then, dreading further delay, I secured my ticket with some difficulty as I perceived, and drove on to the port. This large Bible, I may mention, attracted much attention on board during the voyage, and I trust and believe not uselessly.

It was about nine o'clock when I went on deck, and about a quarter of an hour afterwards arrived General Bordone, or Bourdon. As being from the district of the Vosges Mountains, I found that he was equally well known by the

French form of his name, and seemed to consider himself rather French than Italian, as he used the French language, and was at the head of a French deputation, some members of whom having failed to meet him at the appointed place and time had caused delay, but had, probably, afforded me the opportunity of going in the vessel at all. For I learned afterwards that it was for the sake of this General and his companions, that the "Piemonte" braved the ocean on that night, which the Captain's experience told him would be tempestuous. Up the gangway, however, came the General and his staff, and, as the boats which had brought them moved away, the rowers raised a hearty and prolonged cheer, "Vive la France!" "Vive l'Italie!" was the response from the ship — "deux grandes nations!" And again—"Viva l'Italia!"

CHAPTER III.

THE VOYAGE AND THE STORM.

God's praise the world shall fill,
Making Earth's sad ocean still.—E.S.G.S.

“ The ocean great, where vessels wait,
And raging billows roar,
The troubled deep, away He'll sweep,
Which shall return no more.
And fields of green, will there be seen,
Which were not seen before,
And vineyards good where briny flood,
Did stretch from shore to shore.”—*Anon.*

IT was a little over half-past nine, when at length the vessel moved. The waters in the port were calm and glassy, but there was a dark band of cloud round the horizon. We went on at a steady pace, unknowing that the event, the funeral, on to which we believed ourselves pressing, had already taken place at two that afternoon. I afterwards found that this vessel was one of note, and honourable memory. For, in the greatest of all Garibaldi's successful achieve-

ments, the liberation of Sicily by the 1,000, only two vessels had brought those heroes to her shores, whereof Castiglia commanded one, and Bixio the other, Garibaldi himself having, of course, the supreme direction of both. The names of these vessels were the Piemonte and the Lombardo. In the first, I was now going to Caprera; and my return journey was made in the "Lombardo." As we came out into open sea, the wind rose ominously, and as we passed the dark forms of Gorgona, Capraia, and Elba, in that island-studded sea, the waves rose into angry billows. The Piemonte was a very light vessel; none the less safe, it may be, on that account. Perhaps safer. But she seemed a toy on the raging waters, rising like a cork, and again sinking into the trough of the gloomy depths. For the dark dazzling blue of that Mediterranean flood became at night of inky colour, whereon the yeast-like foam boiled and eddied in awful whiteness, while the horizon was illumined by rapid pulsations of vivid lightning. All through that terrible night, I remained as much as possible on deck, for it was better to *see* the vessel

plunge into the gloom, and again right herself like some conscious creature struggling with the tide, than it was to *feel* the sinking and uprising with the added intensity produced by sensation without sight. From time to time, however, I with great difficulty descended to my small and solitary cabin (I was the only lady,—I think, the only woman, on board), though there I was at first dashed against the wooden walls with a violence which, had they been of stone, must surely have fractured my skull. When I could, I knelt at a camp-stool in earnest prayer to Him Whose is the sea, and, therefore, under Whose rule are the stormy billows. But the kneeling posture even could not be long maintained. Thank God! though that posture is an aid to prayer, it is not necessary thereto. It may be that my thoughts shared the wild confusion of the elements, for it was impossible to utter lengthened supplication. Down below or on deck I realized now as never before a thought which had previously occupied my mind in the recent Whitsuntide, viz., that it is the glory of God, the dazzling beams of the Sun of

Righteousness in unclouded lustre, which will dry up the waves of sin and sorrow. Yes, there will come a day when “The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.”

Many of my ancestors were toilers of the deep, and I lived near it during a great part of my childhood. I can say with Byron, though not with his amphibious fearlessness—

“I have loved thee, ocean.”

Yet that night on the stormy Mediterranean I realized the *necessity* of the promise, and appreciated its sweetness—

“There shall be no more sea.”

These were the waters which had engulfed poor Shelley, though somewhat more to the north, as I believe Lerici was between Livorno and Spezzia. But his body, I have read, was cast ashore opposite the island of Elba; and it was on the other side of that island that the storm this night rose to its greatest fury. On these same Mediterranean shores had occurred that most famous modern instance of cremation; a subject necessarily not far from the mind of

any then voyaging to Caprera. The gale now blowing with such force was from the Ponente or West, and had prevailed for days. Its unresisted effect would have been to drive us on the rocks, either of the land, or more probably, of one of the numerous islands. But gallantly the little bark laboured and triumphed, though "the wind was contrary," as really delivered by the Queller of the foaming waves of Galilee, as though we had beheld His blessed form walking upon the seething foam. Oh? the *faith* which led Peter to cry, "Bid me come to Thee," even over such a pathway; and which enabled Jonah so to trust the God he had offended, as to be willing to be cast headlong into "the yeast of waves!" Let it not be supposed that I am daring to compare myself, in character or in work, with the Apostle, whose "appeal unto Cæsar" proved the means whereby God brought about the fulfilment of His assurance, that as he had testified of Him in Jerusalem so must he bear witness also in Rome. Yet I believed that I had a mission to Caprera, a mission which was not, at any rate, *against* the will of God, but

which He, in His own time and manner, would bless, and therefore, in the midst of winds and waves, I found comfort in the following lines which occurred to my recollection :—

“ If Paul in Cæsar’s Court must stand,
He need not fear the sea ;
Secure from harm on every hand
By a Divine decree.
Although the ship in which he sailed
By dreadful storms was tost,
The promise over all prevailed,
And not a soul was lost.”

At length dawned the morning, and thrice welcome was its cheering light. Now, though the ship still rode high and dived deep, the horrors of the night were over. Now again, the deep blue of the sea rivalled the hue of the lapis lazuli, or the swallow’s wing, and the Piemonte pressed on as with fresh hope and vigour. Towards the middle of this day, however (Friday, June 9th), the gale must have increased in violence. For although we did not stop at Bastia, the first harbour in Corsica to which we came, we did at Porto Vecchio, farther to the south, which when we had gained, the Captain told us we must not leave until the wind had

abated. There we therefore remained from two p.m. on that day, until four the following morning. Unknowing that the funeral was over, this delay was trying, and we asked the cheery, courteous Captain when we might proceed. "When God wills," was the wise and decisive answer.

Awe and terror (against which I was by no means proof), had preserved me hitherto from what is technically called sea-sickness, but now when anchorage relieved us from the violence of the tossing (though the vessel swayed still, as if a giant's hand were rocking her), I suffered somewhat. But thankfulness for deliverance (for the imminence of peril was evidently over) filled my spirit, so that it was well able "to sustain this infirmity." At 4 a.m. we moved again, and just when about to yield to sleep, which had hitherto been impossible, I found that we were nearing Caprera, which we reached, a bright sun illuminating the still foaming billows, at nine in the morning of Saturday, June 10th.

General Bordone (for I prefer to give him his Italian name, having met with it frequently

since in Jessie White Mario's "Vita di Garibaldi"), most courteously offered me a share in the small boat, wherein he was rowed ashore. I gratefully accepted, and found that the chief object of his embassage was to entreat the family to comply with the request as to the cremation of the body. He had given, he said, a promise that he would see that wish effected. I fully agreed that (although deeply regretting that such *had been* the hero's desire) his wish ought to be carried out, especially as a solemn promise required its fulfilment. I thus, for the second time, landed at Caprera.

CHAPTER IV.

CAPRERA.

As his rock amid the ocean
Stands in its strength sublime,
'Mid the age's wild commotion
Stood the hero of the time.

We'll try to do our little,
Now his great work is o'er ;
But Earth's dark road is darker,
For he is here no more.—E.S.G.S.

"How is the mighty fallen!"

GENERAL BORDONE climbed the steep paths amid the granite blocks of Caprera's stony desert with the ease of a mountaineer, his steps, doubtless, quickened by the tidings that the funeral was over. I followed as swiftly as I could, but was unable to keep pace with him, being at no time a good climber, and now exhausted by the reaction from the tension of mind and body during the late storm, and by want of food and rest. The sun was now pouring down rays of unshadowed force, for there are few

trees in the island, and those few are mostly cypresses, affording little shelter from the glare. Now, also, I was not, as on a former occasion, stimulated by the expectation of soon beholding the region's uncrowned King. Nay :—that he was gone "far away" seemed repeated even by the objects of inanimate Nature, as well as by the aspect and dress of every human form encountered. Up, however, still up, I went, towards the well remembered White House, and the vine-covered outer buildings surrounding. Arrived, I sent in my name and the purpose of my visit, and although the Signora Canzio (Teresa), probably somewhat mistaking the latter, sent out a message that she could not see me, I was by no means discouraged, but requested to be allowed to speak a word to Signor Menotti Garibaldi, or to Signor Canzio, both of whom soon met me with great kindness and courtesy, and with the readier understanding that my chief object in coming had been to render honour to the departed—the friend of the one, and the tenderly loved father of the other. (The widow I did not see.) Menotti, who was born

just after his courageous mother had swum over swollen rivers, and endured unparalleled hardships, is now a stalwart hero ; as gentle, however, in peace as he is dauntless in war. I was shown at once to the room where Garibaldi had died. The bed was literally covered with wreaths, among which I did not perceive one from England. A large and handsome edition of the "Life of John Knox" on a table near, attracted my attention, and on another the "Divina Commedia" of Dante—a memorial this latter of Italy's chief reformer and prophet (the work of Savanarola being wholly confined to Florence), and the former to the stern reformer of chilly Scotland. Two strangely differing spirits, the iron-hearted Knox, and the tender though terrible Dante, the love of whose heart laid honey even in the lion's maw, so that "out of the strong came forth sweetness." The absence of a Bible grieved me, but it must be remembered that this was not Garibaldi's usual bed-room, which was in another part of the house, and opened into that containing his library. This room, and that now used as dining-

room, are recent additions, having a sunnier aspect; and he only remained here because illness and infirmity prevented his removal. Therefore that not one of the numerous copies of the Scriptures presented to him at different times, and which he certainly studied, was now visible, was rather the fault of others than his own.

I preferred laying on the *Tomb* the wreath which I had brought; thither, therefore, I now repaired. At a short distance from the house was the enclosure, surrounded by iron work, and guarded by a soldier. At the side of the tombs where lie the remains of his two baby children, is the provisional tomb of Garibaldi, surrounded by a flat stone, inscribed only with his name. This also was covered with wreaths, among which I laid mine, insignificant in itself, amid the many far more beautiful. Yet was I very sure that none had been laid there as a tribute of more or of sincerer love. And if he, whose name there met my eye, which sought for *him* in vain, was aware of the action, he, I trow, was neither indifferent to *it*, nor to the feeling whence it sprang. I occupied the short interval before

dinner, in inscribing the various names in the books I meant to leave as memorials behind me, apologizing to the widow in the written inscription for the size and shabbiness of the Bible, and stating the cause. In my previous visit to the island, sixteen years before, I had been the guest of Garibaldi himself, to whom I had brought an introduction from England, and who had accorded me the glad and generous welcome which he had always ready for visitors from our shores. Now, however, all was changed, and I should not have thought of intruding on the hospitality of the family of him whom I felt the right, reverently, to call my friend. To share the refreshment of the dinner which was now ready I felt no intrusion ; to do so was simply a necessity after the fatigue undergone, especially as I had left the vessel with the French General before breakfast in the morning. During the repast, I sat by the wife of Signor Ricciotti, to whom he had kindly and courteously introduced me. She is English, and a delightful specimen of our countrywomen. So great is the improvement, which I suppose *she* has wrought in her

husband, that I did not recognize him. I told her that I should not have known him, and I rejoiced that I was able truthfully to give the reason I did, in reply to her inquiry wherefore. The two brothers and Signor Canzio discussed their various past military experiences, during the time of dinner. To me, this was inexpressibly painful, but, I doubt not, with them it was quite compatible with their affection for the now absent one, nay, may have been just a form of its expression. For those who fought under Garibaldi fought for *him*, as well as for whatever cause he had espoused, and these vivid recollections were, it may be, balsamic to the still bleeding wound caused by the wrench of separation. I was struck with this personal devotion on over-hearing Canzio speak of one occasion in which he was surrounded by the foe, yet having received the command not to strike or fire, he, the eager, the fearlessly courageous, remained perfectly passive, until Garibaldi happening to pass by on horseback, he hastily explained his situation. "Defend yourself, then," was now the counter command, after which he

felt himself at liberty to drive back the foe, whom, otherwise, he would have allowed to slay him rather than disobey.

Clelia sat at the table by the side of Teresa Canzio, her beautiful elder sister.

The books were now committed to the care of Signor Canzio, who promised to attend thereto faithfully. A small poem of my own on David, I had the privilege of myself laying on the death-bed of the *David of Italy*.

Yes, for he who towards his country held much of the office, and showed much of the spirit of the forgiving tender Joseph, and of the generous Moses, whose patriot soul and deeds delivered his race from the thraldom of oppression, bore, in his private character and life, much resemblance to the impulsive, true-hearted David.

Passing back down the stony desert, through the narrow pathway which skirted, if I remember aright, only one small field, wherein grew some thin blades of wheat, and afterwards some poor rough grass, I saw another broad flat monument, which covers, I was told, the bones of Garibaldi's favourite white horse ; near to this,

they were hewing out some more granite from the block, with the purpose, my guides informed me, of constructing therewith, either a permanent tomb for the hero, or of carving from it the urn which will contain the ashes, when, and "better late than never," his dying wish is fulfilled, his last command obeyed.

But previous to this departure, as I took farewell, as far as possible, of all around, I said a word to one old soldier, who had seen hard service in days gone by, and come off victorious from many a well-fought field (Froscianti his name), respecting the world's Redeemer. I was horrified at the ignorance he testified, as he wildly cried that he would have none of Him. I spoke of Garibaldi's love for Italy, and of Christ's far greater love for Man. "Oh, no! no!" he exclaimed, "I have *seen* Garibaldi; Jesus I have never seen." "But you *will* see Him," I said. Hearing from those around that he was considered demented, my distress and horror were somewhat allayed, and I left him with the entreaty that he would think over my words when I had gone.

The peasant who was leading me down to the shore, and who was afterwards one of the rowers of the boat La Maddalena, gave utterance to a sentiment all Italian in its naïveté and genuine feeling. "Prima Dio," he said, "poi Garibaldi."* I think these words are a very fair expression of a whole nation's love.

So, thankful that I had been permitted even so poorly to testify my emotions towards, I believe, the truest (merely human) lover of his kind that Humanity has ever known, I entered the small boat which bore me away, after my second, and, almost to a certainty, final visit to Caprera.

* "First God ; then Garibaldi."

CHAPTER V.

LA MADDALENA.

Cursed the man on every hand
Who maketh Man his stay ;
He like the heath mid parchèd sand
Shall droop and fade away.

Blessed the man who trusts in God,
He shall be like a tree,
Nourished beneath Earth's desert sod
By streams eternally.—E.S.G.S.

HALF-AN-HOUR by water separates Caprera from La Maddalena, which, as it possesses itself no harbour, is its only link of connection with the outer world. As we drew near the shores of the larger island, the boatmen hoisted a sail. Now I had heard the chief boatman say in Italian that this special boat was new to him, and that he did not understand it. This, combined with the sudden gusts which went and came, relics of the late tempest, increased my ever strong repugnance to sails, especially with small vessels. So I said, “I wish you would

trust to your oars." "No reason for fear," said the mariner, who afterwards became my host; while the owner of the boat gave utterance to the sentiment, "Si c' è periglio, c' è Dio."* "I thank Him, I know it," I replied. "Nevertheless land me at the nearest point you can." "You will have a long walk, then," was again the rejoinder. "Better have a long walk than a grave at the bottom of the sea," I responded. And so at once they brought the boat alongside, and I sprang ashore, the first speaker afore-mentioned becoming my guide. We had landed at the now deserted house of Mrs. Collins, whose name all readers of Garibaldi's biography will recognize as that of his kind and helpful English neighbour. I had thought her to have been a more literal neighbour, as a resident of Caprera itself.

But it appears that island contains no tenement save the house of Garibaldi, with the exception of that of a captain of La Maddalena. Mrs. Collins died a few years ago, and the daughter, whom she left, is married and resides in England.

* "If there's peril, there's God."

I believed this house still belonged to her, and had been recently let to a tenant who had not yet taken possession. It was therefore then in a transitional state of desolation and disarray. Quite four miles was the walk from this corner to the inhabited part of the island, the warning given me thus proving entirely correct. The sun's rays poured down with almost tropical fervour, and the few fig trees near the reservoirs made to collect the precious rain (now, as it had been a dry season, almost empty), lay back from the narrow footpath and afforded no shade. If Caprera is a stony, La Maddalena is a sandy desert. At length we came near the sea again having traversed the island's breadth ; and now the way led round small bays and rocky headlands, a path which might have been dangerous at high tide by another sea, but as the Mediterranean, although it has a river-like current, according to the prevailing wind, has no ebb and flow like the oceans unenclosed within such comparatively narrow limits, there was no danger of a repetition of the perils endured by Sir Arthur Wardour and Isabella in Sir Walter's

tale. I inquired of my conductor the way to the Albergo, or Hotel, which I knew the place afforded. He said he would take me to it if I pleased, but should like me first to see his own cottage, and if I thought it would suit me, he and his wife would pay me every attention, and give up their principal room to me with pleasure. I found this apartment large, clean, and lofty, and being pleased with the wife's aspect, as well as almost exhausted by the time I at length arrived, I resolved to take up my abode, until at length a boat should come to release me from my island prison, with those simple peasants, intelligent and courteous, however, as are most of their race. They were delighted with this agreement, and readily arranged to repair at a certain hour in the evening to the house of the wife's mother, thus leaving me the more fully to share the experience of him who exclaimed—

“O Solitude, where are the charms
Which sages have seen in thy face?”

The ascent from the lower room or kitchen was up some ladder-like stairs, and the landing was effected by the fastening back of some

boards of the upper chamber. This the wife said must be altered before tiny feet pattered around what required clear eyes and a careful tread to avoid proving a precipice of danger.

Well, here was a halting place for a season. The funds which I had brought from England were rapidly diminishing, and letters were slow in reaching this out-of-the-way station. There is no cutting across the ocean—no royal road over his waves, according to whim or wish ; and as in things moral, and even in things spiritual, that which appears nearest often proves to be farthest—that which seems easiest is often found most difficult of attainment on that highway.

I was intending to visit a friend at the island of Capri, near Naples, and, as on the map the islands of Caprera [and Capri are *almost* on a level, the latter lying only some miles to the south-east, I had supposed that I could easily sail across from the one to the other. But it is with the literal sea as with the sea of life. And as I learned that the first boat—one returning to Livorno—did not leave till the following Wednesday, I explained my position

to one acquainted with all the details of such voyages, and asked whether I had enough to effect the transit. "No," he said, "you have not." I therefore telegraphed to a friend for immediate aid; but it afterwards proved, as I at the time thought it very probable, that she was not at the moment where she usually resided, and was thus unable, because of the delay, to attend to my appeal. The circumstances were, therefore, awkward and anxious; but "experience worketh hope," and I was no novice in the encounter with the various difficulties which arise sometimes even when we have not left the shadow of the vine and the fig tree of ordinary life. Sunday, God's blessed gift to man, as a seventh interval for bodily repose and spiritual refreshment, came as the first day on my Patmos of exile. Physically weary, and knowing that the island contained no place of assembly for Scriptural worship, I remained within, reading at intervals to the seaman and his wife from the Word of God, which was to them a Book unknown, whose messages they drank in with avidity and gratitude. Oh yes! The good seed has soil rich and

well prepared for its reception in the hearts of these peasant Italians! Wherever labourers go among them, verily they find fields white unto the harvest!

A tattered and imperfect copy of the history of "Barbara Ubryk, the Nun of Cracow," who was at length, after 21 years, brought out from the solitary confinement which had almost robbed her of her humanity, fell into my hands in this corner of the wilderness, and as roots and berries afford delicious nourishment to the starving traveller, so to me in that outlandish spot, these chronicles were a source of needful aliment, preventing the concentration of thought on my own difficult position.

But prayer was the chief resource. This also was new to my peasant-friends, to whom, as Papists, the telling of the beads, and the invocation of the patron saint in the hour of danger, were well-known, if not habitual, but who had no idea that they might approach their God, through the one Mediator Divine and human, with the confidence of children, and "in everything by prayer make their requests known unto Him."

They, however, joined heartily in my appeals for aid and for direction ; also in the request that the waves might be quieted and the stormy winds be stilled, before I was again to encounter the perils of the deep. The latter request was made the more earnestly, as each evening at sunset the wind arose, and after moaning around gained strength and shook the windows with tempestuous fury. This was the continuation of the westerly gale which had prevailed for weeks, an altogether unusual time, thus producing a summer of heat far below the average throughout Italy. This gale, however, had the extraordinary peculiarity that it had not brought rain, as wind from that quarter usually did, and water was greatly wanted in the island, Agostino Pinto (in whose house I was), being obliged to fetch it from a great distance in a barrel which he bore on his shoulders, and to pay for it also, I believe, when it was attained.

The next day I set forth to see whether any light would dawn upon my future movements. And without entering into unnecessary details, I may mention, with unbounded and lasting

gratitude, that the agent of the Società Rubattino gave me, in behalf of that Society, disclaiming all idea of future payment, a free passage back to Livorno, equal in amount to £1 10s. in English money. It appears that the same generosity was shown in other cases to the English whom love for Garibaldi and a desire to do him honour had brought to those parts, but this fact diminishes neither the kindness nor my gratitude.

The port of La Maddalena is not without beauty. Some villas stand in their own grounds, belonging partly to some member of the military profession, and the clusters of buildings around the Post-office and Hotel lining the bay, and at the side forming the one short street, are high, and either white, or touched with tender hues, rose, blue, green, and yellow, which in the clear air lie in the distance like many coloured clouds on the sky's azure. The smaller tenements of the seamen and peasants lie back towards the hills, some of them looking over a prospect indescribably fair, where beyond vineyards and wild gardens of oleander, olive,

fig, and cactus, half-ruined structures on distant heights would assume the appearance of a fairy city mingling with the clouds. At length, by the afore-mentioned kindness of the Società Rubattino, which I referred in yet greater thankfulness to its source in the providential care of Him of Whom I could again testify that "with the need His succour grew,—" I was enabled, taking affectionate leave of Caterina Pinto, while Agostino rowed me to the ship, to start again for the mainland in the Lombardo at half-past four p.m., Wednesday, July 14th.

CHAPTER VI.

THE RETURN VOYAGE FROM CAPRERA.

He counteth the stars as they voyage along ;
He numbers the hairs of our head ;
Not one is forgotten amid the vast throng :
Let Him be your fear and your dread.

But not with a dread which will drive you away ;
For He has of goodness such store
That all who have learned at His footstool to pray
Shall never be desolate more.—E.S.G.S.

WE waited a little before moving away, and afterwards lay for quite an hour off Caprera, whence a little boat put forth bringing additional passengers, accompanied for a short visit to the ship by the old Livornese Sgarallino and Manlio Garibaldi, the darling of his departed father—a boy of about eleven, with a touchingly sweet face, and one would say, of English aspect, with his open brow, and large soft brown eyes. I heard some comments on myself and my mission, this being said to have been “una cosa di chiesa e

di devozione,"* the two ideas being to the Italian mind inseparable. However, I had left the seed to the care of the Lord of the Harvest, Who has His own time and manner wherein to "give the increase." After some playful talk with Manlio by the sailors, by whom he is petted and claimed as one of themselves, his great delight being in everything nautical, he received final kisses, and returned with Sgarallino, (whose hand I insisted on taking in farewell with an English good-bye), in the little boat to his native island. It was long ere we lost sight of its rocks and the white house therein embosomed ; and I remember that the last rays of the setting sun were tinging the waters, when, after all "longing, lingering looks," Caprera also sank from view, never, never, it may be well believed, to sink from memory, or fade from Love's eternal vision.

The wind continued stormy, though it was no longer contrary, and I excited some wonder by long braving it upon deck. My English origin, however, was accounted sufficient explanation. "No nation like the English for courage and

* "A matter of the church and of devotion."

independence," declared an Italian, who had known and admired Mazzini. I remarked that it was ten years since that co-liberator of Italy had been taken from this world. He declared that that event was in 1871 ; but I was glad to discover afterwards that my date had been correct, for Mazzini died in April, 1872. Just reversing the experience of the outward voyage, the wind fell as evening advanced, and therefore the responsive waves of ocean sank to calm. This permitted enjoyment, undisturbed by alarm, of the ever grand spectacle of night upon the sea. The admirer of the English renewed his laudations of that nation, "England, Angle-land, Angel-land!" he exclaimed. "My country's chief treasure, the source of all her greatness," I rejoined, "is her open Bible." But this statement he violently combated. "Superstition," he said, "the inventions of the priesthood." I did not reply in many words, though, of course, I firmly expressed a contrary belief. "The heavens" were "declaring the glory of God," for there the stars, burning and sparkling in the deep dark blue, with a brilliance unknown to our latitude, were

chanting their matchless poem to His praise. The gently rocking movement of the vessel caused the pointed mast to describe, as with the pencil of an astronomer, circles and triangles in and out amongst them. It was to me impossible to watch these figures long together, for a continued upward gaze produces dizziness, making us feel that there are depths above us as well as below. But I directed the unbeliever's eyes to those hosts of God, those angel-eyes which seemed to search as well as shine. "Yes," he said, "I believe in a Creator." And yet he cared not for the revelation of that Creator's love, which is so infinitely more glorious than every other display either of His wisdom or His power. Not long either did he continue to lift his eyes. Such Earth-bound souls will look around them or before ; but to "look up" they find a difficulty. Yet "Lift up your eyes to the heavens," is God's injunction still; and the inward eye of faith can be lifted thitherward without dizziness, and there encounters a Father's smile, which seems to whisper, "Why sayest thou my way is hid from the LORD?"

It was about dawn when we passed Porto

Vecchio, where this time we did not stay, but at Bastia we remained about half-an-hour, for the delivery of letters and their collection, the sun all the while streaking with gold the blue waters, so blue that they are dreadful in their dazzling brightness. O, spirit of change ! How far as well as how swiftly dost thou fly ! There is no corner hidden from thee. This town of Bastia which I had left sixteen years before, a picturesque village, nestling amid its ruddy cliffs, was now a town of fair proportions, with tall white Parisian looking houses, and all the aspect of the modern and the commonplace. Another Italian from the "Italia irredenta" of Trieste, brought me some flowers from this island of that Napoleon, who, though indeed like his birth-place, really Italian, is like it, claimed by that France which he ruled and which he loved. These flowers I enclosed in letters I was writing as treasures for English friends. And now again o'er the open sea, the blue unbounded deep, not long unbounded to our vision in that region of islands. Ere long it was the misty shores of Elba that appeared, and not far beyond, the dark

nearer rock of dreary Capraia, on which, however, a fisherman's hut was visible. A little after four in the afternoon we sighted Livorno, and soon lay off that town, though at the entrance to the harbour, which is the nearest approach for vessels of any size. But the boats came up to land us, the first half-hour being occupied with the embarkation, in small but unwieldy barges, of the hundreds of peasants from the mountain districts of Tuscany and Lombardy, who were returning to their homes after their summer labours in the wild parts of Corsica and Sardinia. "Could they really be human beings?" was my mental question, as, jostling, hurrying, falling over each other, they fell down rather than descended the sides of the Lombardo. Mere heaps of rags they looked, thin, swarthy, deformed and formless, their hats tied down with handkerchiefs, which appeared necessary to secure their heads to their bodies. In no slums of our great cities, in no huts of our rural districts, has England anything like these. "And have these beings," I inquired, "wives, children, parents, awaiting them?" "O yes!" was the

reply; and I thought how precious is that message from Heaven which assures us that the "faithful Creator" has respect unto the work of His Hands, and that not one even of these is forgotten before God, Who will know how to restore even in them His own now effaced and illegible image. At length, at five p.m., I landed at the mole of bright cheerful Livorno, and again directed my steps to that Albergo di Minerva where I had previously received so much ready courtesy.

The next morning the sun rose warm and brilliant, when the first object I beheld on looking from my window was a party of the Becchini, the association of the Misericordia, clad in black, bearing a coffin. In the brightness around, these raven-like figures looked the more dread and ominous. Italy is a land to visit; scarcely to live in; not at all to die in. And I thank the Gracious Preserver of my steps, that He led them safely through her enchanted ground, back to those native shores blessed by Heaven, where, when my time is come, I can—

Lay me by my mother's side
In God's own acre down.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SYNAGOGUE OF LIVORNO.

Out from the darkness back unto the dark
They carry God's Word from and into its ark ;
Recalling by chant, merging triumph in pain,
The gloom and the thunder of Sinai again.
That Ark has no Mercy-seat. Where is the blood
To tell of the love of a pardoning God ?
Ye have dwelt long enough by the mountain of dread,
O believe that He liveth again who was dead !
That the Lamb has been slain and now dieth no more,
Then only shall Israel's long sorrows be o'er.
When the vail is removed from the eyes of their mind,
And they cease to *His* beauty and Grace to be blind.—

E.S.G.S.

THE Synagogue of Livorno is considered what may be called the Metropolitan Synagogue of Europe. The Jews therein worshipping belong to the division of the Ashkenazim, the name given to the German and Polish Jews, and indeed to all the Jews dispersed in Europe, with the exception of those of Spain and Portugal, who, with all the Eastern Jews, are termed the Sephardim. These latter, the Jews

of Spain and Arabia, were the leaders of advancing science and literature in the middle ages. They were then a light shining in darkness, and Spain, when she banished them, banished her chief glory. Now they are chiefly sunk in superstition and ignorance, while the Ashkenazim share more largely in modern progress and enlightenment, and boast themselves reformers and unfettered thinkers. They, therefore, represent the Liberal school, while the Sephardim represent the Conservative. In the first branches of the Tree of History, sketched for us in the 10th of Genesis, these future characteristics seem to be indicated, for the name of Ashkenaz we see to have been borne by the grandson of Japheth (verse 3), and therefore we may not unfitly call those of Israelitish origin, designated Ashkenazim, (as truly of Abrahamic descent as the others), Gentile Jews, as sharing, more than the other division of their race, the prevailing tone of Gentile thought and feeling; while the Sephardim (verse 30) are naturally connected with the more unchanging East.

It is, therefore, evident, that while the chief dangers of the Sephardim would be superstition and intolerance, those of the Ashkenazim would be worldliness and indifference. And so, alas! it proves; many of the Jews of modern Europe being little better than infidels.

The large congregation gathered in the Synagogue (or Scuola, as the Italians call it) of Livorno, did *not* appear indifferent. I found that here, as well as in the Synagogue of the Ghetto in Rome, strangers, and even women, are not prohibited from taking their seats in *any* part of the building—except, I believe, at their great feasts—and I need not have ascended to the women's gallery had I not chosen, which I did, because thence a better view could be obtained.

Israel braves all climates, and speaks all languages; and those portions of the service I attended (which was their mid-day Sabbath service), that were not in Hebrew, were in pure Tuscan Italian. Solemn and sweet was the chant, as the Scroll of the Law was brought forth from its curtained Shrine of darkness, the surpliced

choir ascending the steps, while singing one of the old Psalms or Songs of Degrees, and carrying the treasure, singing still, to the reading desk. Now the strain is one of joy and triumph, as of rejoicing in the possession of that message from on High which was committed unto their fathers, and which, therefore, is their inheritance and their birthright. But when the appointed portion has been read, the Scroll is carried back and deposited again in the thick darkness, symbolizing but too aptly the darkness of their hearts. This time the chant is a plaintive wail to which I could not listen without tears.

When Moses came from the Divine Presence into man's, he covered his face with the concealing vail. But when he returned from the human to the Divine, he took it off that he might again absorb and reflect the glory. And when Israel shall "cease from man," shall turn from the traditions of the elders, as contrary as ever to the truth of God, and commune only with their Divine Teacher—"when it (the heart of Israel) shall turn to the LORD, the Vail shall be taken away."

But when shall it so turn? Not until *turned* by the magnetism of the manifested "Glory of God in the Face of Jesus Christ." Then, when they look on Him Whom their fathers pierced, and Whose heart *they* have pierced throughout the long ages by their blasphemy and unbelief, their eyes shall be no longer holden, for they shall see Him for the first time, and know Him "as He is."

And as the veil drops from Israel's heart, there shall drop simultaneously the corresponding veil "spread over all nations," and man, universal man, shall, at length, recognize his God.

As I left the Synagogue, I presented the Chief Rabbi, a small, delicate, white-haired patriarch, with a copy of a poem on Nehemiah, which I had written some years before. Whether he will look upon it as a call to visit Jerusalem, and assist in the various works of improvement which are preparing that City to receive back her sons, I know not. I looked on him with reverence, as a not unfavourable representative of an Isaac or a Jacob, though scarcely recalling the dignity and power of a Samuel or an Abraham.

Italy is wiser than Germany and Russia. The seed of Israel are among her most honoured, as they are among her most honourable, inhabitants; and although she once, as the headquarters of the Romanism which always with its ignorant fanaticism hates the Jews, joined in their persecution, yet I rejoice for her sake that she is now rather a claimant for the fulfilment of that promise, which is ever sure, "They shall prosper that love thee."

CHAPTER VIII.

FIRENZE PAST AND PRESENT.

Dante Durante is the name which bears
This city's name in honour through the years ;
Dante Durante* is the lasting name
Which crowneth Florence both with praise and shame.

WHAT have they done with thy dark beauty,
my grave Florence ? With thy widened, un-
shadowed streets, and thy once grim palaces,
now stuccoed and modernized, thou resem-
blest some beauty of classic times, Antigone or
Electra, with her dark tresses frizzed and pow-
dered, and attired in some vestment of the latest
Parisian mode.

The improvement throughout Italy, and chiefly
in the principalities, in cleanliness and com-
fort, since her union under one Monarch is
altogether inconceivable by those who knew her
not in former days. But the changes might
have been wrought with a more tender hand.
To give an instance. There was an oblong

* Dante is the abbreviation of Durante, which means
lasting.

block of marble which was set amid the diamond-shaped stones of her former pavement bearing the inscription, *Sasso di Dante*, as marking the spot where Dante loved to sit and contemplate the mighty structure raised by the genius of Arnaldo di Brescia and of Brunelleschi. This "Sasso" remains, but where? Removed from the pavement to the wall, so that although we can still stand where he stood, we cannot now plant our steps where his were planted, a difference small, but fully appreciable by feeling and imagination. It is the same everywhere. The hand of improvement has not always been the hand of taste; and although the alterations made were quite necessary in most instances, they have been made, for the most part, roughly, and without the delicacy which would have removed all reason for regret. But a few days in Florence were a great refreshment, for she is still, with the exception of Rome—which, however, excites feelings so much more definite and intense, that she is hardly a spot to seek for repose—the most delicious of Italian cities. I was needing some such resting-place, for one

reason, because of the mosquito-bites received in Livorno, which were now causing me almost intolerable suffering. The next day after my arrival was Sunday. I knew to my regret that I should no longer find there the Rev. Mr. Pendleton, who was chaplain at one of the English churches, during my former visit, but who is now in Guernsey. But the service was well attended at the church where he used to officiate. In the evening I crossed the Arno to the college of the Valdesi, where the great De Sanctis was wont to minister. Ripetta gave a forcible address on the question, "Is the Pope infallible?" A controversial discourse, useful and, indeed, indispensable in Italy, but thank God, not needed by Protestants who are such more than in name. As I reached my destination long before the time, and was too weary to walk back or farther, I welcomed the permission to rest in the delightful Torrigiano Gardens, where you might sit unquestioned on a stone seat with prospects of glades of oleander and magnolia, and of avenues of ilex and laurel, with here and there a dark spire of cypress pointing to the

calm evening sky. The custodians of the grounds were also sitting near ; so to the mother of a girl of Jewish aspect and exquisite beauty, and of a son, evidently, as he proved to be, a rising young artist, I read of the prodigal son, whom the father's love drew and welcomed home, She, as I had found previously in so many cases, drank in the tidings as sweet dews from Heaven, and regretted that the priests, who were her sole instructors, should so wilfully keep the people in ignorance of that letter from God, and should, in their own interpretation thereof, so obscure and deform its tidings. After service, I returned (having mused again before the sacred windows of Casa Guidi, which overlook the Pitti Palace and Gardens, while the eyes which once looked from them are now closed in peace, the spirit wrapped in contemplation of the King in His Beauty) by one of the many bridges over the Arno, to the other side of the town. Just as I came to the bridge I found I had to thread my way with difficulty through a gathering throng. Lighted candles being held aloft, threw a lurid glare, which made me ask whether there was a

fire, but the reply was "Some one has died," and, indeed, it was but another procession of the Becchini of the Misericordia, who clad, this time, in white, shroud-like robes, completely enveloping the wearers, leaving holes but for the eyes, were more ghastly in appearance even than their black-draped brethren of Livorno.

Before leaving Florence, I stood before the door of one of her greatest and most respected sons in modern times, viz., the Surgeon Zanetti, who died at an advanced age at his residence, not far from the Cathedral. To him, in truth, belonged the honour of the discovery of the bullet of Aspromonte, falsely claimed at one time by Nélaton of France.*

I might not linger on in this fair Athens of Italy. So, after some wanderings along her galleries of matchless paintings, and her quaint arcades by the river-side, with their shops filled with gems of art and beauty ; after standing again before the house where Dante first drew breath, and by the tomb, almost in the shade of

* Guerzoni, whom I have since read, tells us that it *was* Nélaton who *discovered* it, and Zanetti who extracted it.

Fiesole, where E. B. Browning's ashes lie, and after walking along the 'Lung' Arno by the side of that yellow stream which, at low tide, leaves banks of yellow sand gemmed with wild flowers mostly of cerulean blue, so that Firenze is flowery even in her river's bed, I left for Rome very early in the morning of Thursday, June 22nd, 1882.

But, on a day previous, having first seen in the Palazzo Vecchio the, as yet, shrouded statue of Savonarola, which was to be undraped the week following, resembling in its then condition one of the awful, ghostly Becchini, I visited again some of the galleries of the Uffizi, and those of the Pitti, and, as on the former occasion, found those of the Pitti immeasurably, to my taste, inferior. They are courtly but comparatively inartistic. The Medusa's head by Leonardo da Vinci (which, by the way, has been removed from the tribune to another small room in the Uffizi), is worth the whole of them. But I had what, had time permitted, would have been unexhaustible enjoyment, in the *engravings* lining the walls of the seemingly interminable passages

connecting the two palaces, many of them by Albrecht Durer, and indescribably quaint and bewitching, seeming like the reflection in some narrow streamlet of the story, mostly unseen and unsuspected, of the *under current* of our life's way. Externally, the Uffizi Gallery is a fortress, and the Pitti a palace of the Renaissance. On the stately walls and gardens of the latter, the back windows of Casa Guidi must look, and therefore the eyes of Elizabeth Barrett Browning must have often rested. I had not previously inspected the Museum of Florence, and therefore did so now for a short period. It contains chiefly memorials of the Lily City's stormy days of civil conflict; some fine specimens of majolica and of sculpture being the principal artistic treasures. But, as before I found *my* gems of painting in the Galleria delle belle Arti, in the Via San Marco, whither, it may be mentioned, the David of Michel Angelo has been removed from the Piazza Della Signoria. There still hung *The Deposition* from the Cross by Fra Angelico, and the Adoration of the Magi by Gentile di Fabiano; and I was pleased

to find that after sixteen years my admiration was endorsed by an equal impression at the sight of both. The Deposition remains to me the most beautiful and most affecting painting in Italy. And the Adoration still shone with its jewelled brightness, and yet spake with its realistic homeliness. The old king, representative of the line of Shem, still knelt, as in every such picture he does, proffering the gold to "The King of the Jews,"—the pale, long-haired Japhetic Aryan still acknowledged the Divinity with the richly-chased silver censers of *frankincense*; while the dark young son of Ham held the *myrrh* as ready for the burying of the World's Redeemer. The idea in this picture is thus different from the Church of England, viz., that God "by the guiding of a star, manifested His Son to the *Gentiles*."* A room of modern paintings had been added since I last visited the gallery, many of them very beautiful, but lacking the mellowness, with its richer and softer,

* The three wise men were probably of one race. But this thought of a representative of each of Earth's Great Families being thus simultaneously led to "the Desire of all nations," is, perhaps, even more beautiful.

colouring, and perhaps consequent suggestiveness of deeper meaning, which nothing but greater age can give them.

My old friend the Custodian, Nardi, appeared in response to my inquiries after him. His hair had whitened, but he recognized me in spite of like marks of *eld* on my own side, showing that we both now belonged rather to God's Old World Gallery, than to that of the Present and the New.

I had no time to re-visit the Bargello and the Abbadia ; but the house where Dante first drew breath, though even that looked smartened and modernized, had been carefully preserved from either destruction or injury by the ever-present agency of change. And therefore, when beneath the crescent moon, on my last evening, I turned from the Duomo along the Via Alighieri, "Qui nacque il divin Poeta," was as legible as ever over that sacred spot of Florence.

Every city is a biographer of her people's character, as well as a recorder of their history. The Florentines are reflected in Florence, with its magnificent and sombre Duomo, its stern and

frowning Palazzo Vecchio, its wealth of artistic device in Dante's "bel San Giovanni" with its gates of Paradise, and the aerial grace of Giotto's Campanile. They, as when Durante trod their streets, himself the embodiment of the spirit of the place, whence he wandered a ghost through weary tracts of Earth and worlds invisible, are still grave and solemn with an undertone of possible fierceness ; and yet, intellectually, so delicate, so refined, so sensitive, as to make a sojourn among them a continual delight to all who live rather by the thought-pulses of the mind than the blood-pulses of the body.

CHAPTER IX.

FROM FLORENCE TO ROME.

Rome was the whole world, and the whole world was Rome.—*Spenser.*

From the Past unto the Past
Time's stream rushes by:
For the Past enfolds us fast
As Eternity.—E.S.G.S.

THIS was a day's journey, occupying from early morning till the shadows of twilight fell on Thursday, the 22nd of June. To go from Florence to Rome is to go from the middle ages with their stir and strife, their chivalry and intellectual vividness, on and yet back, back and yet on, into the wide ages of hoar antiquity, until at length the burden of centuries lies upon the spirit, making her feel her own relation not so much to time as to eternity. Thus we realise the meaning of “Roma l'Eterna.” The train passed at Italy's easy pace, through

the smiling vineyards of Tuscany, and past her small but busy towns and villages, among the former Arezzo, from whence entered the train a young peasant-girl who was going to service in Rome. Her manner had all the rude self-assertion which Dante mentions as even in his day characteristic of the Aretines, and to which a later traveller (Forsyth) refers as characterising them still, a rudeness utterly un-Italian, and especially unlike the usual suavity of the Tuscans. It may be recorded to its disgrace that Arezzo distinguished itself among Italian towns by treating Garibaldi in the same bearish mode, being the only one to make him otherwise than welcome. Then, as the introduction to a change in the landscape and in its meaning, came a large expanse of water of the soft blue, shot with green, characteristic of the Northern Italian lakes. And this is the Lake Thrasymene of Hannibal! Then came cities on the mountain-heights, natural fortresses, which would appear impregnable, did not the ruined walls of castles tell that War has climbed even those steeps and wasted and destroyed ; further still, such names

as Monte Rotondo, reminding us that our own days have witnessed a struggle fully as romantic and as glorious as any in the days of old, while its hero, so lately recalled from life's battle, was more than the equal of the Gracchi or the Scipios. And at last, the dim awful beauty of the Campagna (the unhealthiness of which is, I believe, considered much diminished if not removed by far greater cultivation than of yore, partly according to the earnest advice of Garibaldi, although his proposed system of drainage has been pronounced too expensive, at least at present:—partly through the successful planting of the fragrant eucalyptus), with its matchless distances of tender hues, and its brooding atmosphere of silence and of love.

My companions were very various. One, for the whole length of the way, was a kind and intelligent old lady from Bologna. Nearer Rome some soldiers and students joined us, and I believe a German-looking *female* peasant, who was, however, thought by one of the former to be a priest in disguise. And certainly, when a priest unmistakable got in some time afterwards,

there did not seem much difference between them, except in his full clerical attire. I mention this to show the opinion of the priests which is widely prevalent. For though I personally believe that the individual in question was indeed a peasant-woman of masculine appearance, nothing would persuade the young Venetian who first gave his opinion to the contrary that it was not a priest in female attire. For such a belief he must have had, one would think, experience of such devices. The conversation turned upon St. Peter, and one, whom I afterwards discovered to be a student from one of the sacred colleges, declared his unalterable conviction that "Tu es Petrus," &c., conferred infallibility on the Popes, his successors, throughout all succeeding ages. I showed (to the great delight of most of the listeners, and especially of the lady from Bologna) the difference of meaning in *Petrus* and *Petram*,* and therefore declared that the *Rock* whereon Christ builds His Church is the *Truth about Himself* in which

* Petrus, Petram — Latin; Petros, Petra — Original Greek. The young Italian was quoting from the Latin Vulgate.

Peter, by Divine teaching, expressed his belief : and that Peter was but a *stone*, though a living one, in the living Temple—that Temple whereof he ever afterwards loved to speak in remembrance of his dear Lord's commendation. It was all in vain, so far as the collegian was concerned, for he continued to repeat, as his only argument “Tu es Petrus,” &c., with parrot-like reiteration. The priest, at the other end of the carriage, evidently heard our discussion, as I took care that he should. But he appeared to take no heed of it ; a smile, half jovial, half supercilious, was his only share in the conversation, which, I suppose, would have been said by many to have been dangerous in former days, not that I can give that as my own experience, though I then spoke with equal freedom. But what Italians would call liberal opinions are, of course, now much more widely spread ; leaving, however, those still holding contrary views more intrenched than ever in their wilful bigotry. St. Peter's and the Leonine city were visible for a little time before Rome was actually reached, but that loveliest corner of her wondrous

panorama again disappeared, and still we sped on. At length we drew nigh to the Porta San Giovanni, near to which is the Terminus, seeing clearly (as we approached) San Giovanni Laterano, after which that gate is named. It was not now my first entrance into Rome, and, therefore, my sensations were different, and I might truly have called them home-like, for somehow Rome attracts with such a spell the hearts that love her. It was a fair evening. I found myself in the midst of a modern-looking square on which, here and there, were fragments of ruined walls of a massiveness not to be found save in Rome or in Roman remains under whatever sky. I at once took a tram, one of the infant births of the present of which the Rome I had previously trodden had never dreamed, and therein proceeded to the General Post-office where I expected, and thank God ! not wrongly, to find letters from England.

CHAPTER X.

ROME.

Roma }
Amor } Mazzini.

O City mightier in the tenderness
With which thy ruins charm and soothe the heart
Than in the sway the world did once confess :
Justice and Strength thou then wert ; Love thou art.

E. S. G. S.

MY hotel was in what is called Nuova Roma in the Via Principe Umberto, names speaking clearly of the present. And yet the Via Principe Umberto is a turning from the Via Viminale, and opposite my room were the remains of the Terme di Diocleziano, the baths of Diocletian, the portion immediately fronting it having been long used as a prison.—Yes, as a lady said, commenting on modern alterations,—“In spite of them, it is all old Rome.” “Nec tempore, ne fato,” is *she* changed. This is thought by a recent writer to be the part of the city to which the centurion

Julius first brought St. Paul, as it was the quarter of the Prætorian guards — although what is shown as “his own hired house” is near the Ghetto.

I met at the Post-office the Rev. James Wall and his wife, whom on my former visit I left at Bologna,—but who have been among Rome's most useful evangelists since 1870. Their church, the Sala Cristiana — is in Piazza San Lorenzo in Lucina, close to the post-office, and not far from the Piazza Farnese, a central position, being in a turning out of the middle of the Corso. I then sat and wrote some letters in a small but elegant apartment of the postal building ; for, on payment of a small fee, you can sit and write, finding all materials provided, in this “loggia” opening to the garden in the central court planted with bright flowers constantly refreshed by the ever-plashing waters of a fountain. The luxurious is still congenial to the Roman temperament ;—well, so it be not associated with the cruel, as of old. It was a growing moon, and as at length I retired to rest, and looked across the broad street to the

ancient walls raised, I suppose, in the time of one of the most cruel though not the most brutal of emperors. I thought of the Present and the Past, not so much the far Past just then ; rather a nearer Past, on the soft purple gloom of whose memory lay the rainbow of the freedom of the Rome that is. For on the day just over they had uncovered at Genoa the statue of Mazzini ; and Italy is learning to estimate the debt she owes to *him* who, during the years of her disunion and abasement, saw her in his mind's eye as she is, and as, growing in the love of truth and therefore in truer life, I trust she yet will be.

He, too, beheld what was not seen by others,
And steered in faith his vessel to that land.

To Italy united, strong, and free,
With Rome her capital. That vision lay
Within his eyes :—men said it could not be ;
“ Italia,” *he* said, “ Farà da se.”*

Then in his clear bright lines he drew her face,
And showed her in the marble of his thought,
Until the people learned to know her grace,
Until her whole deliverance was wrought.

E. S. G. S.

* “ Italy will do her own work.” The Italian proverb.
The last words I remember hearing Mazzini say.

The morning dawned bright and sultry after the few earliest hours. I suffered, however, no inconvenience from the heat. It is always cool in the thick-walled, shuttered rooms : and there is ever a shady side to the streets, modern or ancient ; or if in the former you find yourself at noon in undimmed sunshine, shadows of refuge are not far to seek. First I took my way to visit an old friend in the Vicolo del Pavone, a quaint turning near the Ponte San Angelo. The outskirts of the city with their tall white houses have assumed a Parisian dress, and the rush of modern times now penetrates by tramways into her very heart. Thus not Nature only is typical, but also the outward life of cities, and the World as well as the Earth is one vast symbol. But the transitory is on the surface, the permanent is beneath ;—“the fashion of this world passeth away,” but “the Earth abideth ever.” From the Vicolo del Pavone back to San Lorenzo in Lucina was a winding through the crowded picturesque turnings of a little changed Rome. In the latter Piazza I found my friends the Walls, who were expecting me in their

residence, in connection with which is the Sala Cristiana.

The Rev. James Wall was an earnest labourer in Bologna when I before visited Italy, and we then spoke of and prayed for Rome. Now I found him established there as an Evangelist, and most interesting was it, later in the evening, to attend his Bible class in the hall below, and to listen to the thoughtful comments of Roman Christians. He had entered Rome in the wake of the Italian army in 1870. An epistle to the Romans now would be addressed to a goodly number of "Saintsbeloved of God," and knowing it. But would there be among them, as of old, many *Jewish* Christians? Whether there is the promise of this we must consider in the next chapter.

That night being Midsummer-Eve, there was observed the usual half-pagan festival on the steps of St. John of Lateran and around that basilica. I was sorry not to have remembered this till afterwards, so that I did not witness it. But I was told that I owed thereto some beautiful music played by soldiers as they passed my hotel on their way to the station in the small

hours of the night ; nocturnal music being now prohibited in the streets of Rome, except on such or similar occasions.

My Sunday in Rome during this visit was filled with many experiences, painful and joyful, speaking both warning and hope. It was the last Sunday of service at the English church in the Via Nazionale (the nearest to me), ere its closing for the summer months. I heard a good sermon on "the chief jewel of Scripture"—" God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The preacher referred to the thoughtful tenderness of the mother, who to arrest her daughter in a career of crime, and to win her to return home, caused a portrait of herself to be placed in every prison throughout the land, that the "light of other days" from the affection which had watched her infancy, might illumine her helpless gloom, and attract her back. "Wanderer from God!—Shall not the portrait of your Father, the reflection of His Love in this verse of matchless beauty, lead you homeward to

Him and Heaven?" I had afterwards a conversation with a veteran Florentine, who told me that he was the oldest Protestant in Rome, having come from Florence, where he was the contemporary of the Madiai. He remembered well he said, the arrival of the first bales of Italian Testaments and Bibles into Florence, for being at that time cook in a large establishment, the proprietor whereof was afraid to receive them openly, he himself first gave them shelter in the cellars of the building, thus storing the food of the soul amid articles for bodily nourishment. A Testament or a Bible was given to one and another visitant, until at last so much interest was excited that at first small and then larger meetings were held for the study of the Scriptures and prayer. At length, the attention of the Grand Duke was led to them, and he was induced by his bad advisers to prohibit them, and denounce their supporters. The old man himself escaped imprisonment, through accidental absence, on the occasion when Francesco and Rosa Madiai were taken to their long and famous incarceration. His face, of the true thoughtful

Tuscan type, told its own story of early suffering, its tale "of mercy and of judgment," which had borne fruit in patient and loving hopefulness.

Rome under the monarchy leaves her children outwardly free to worship how and where they will. But have they to any large extent received the truth? Alas! the question is sadly answered by the scene I witnessed on the afternoon of the Sunday, when I walked, traversing the Piazza di Spagna and the Trinità dei Monti, into the Piazza and through the Porta del Popolo, to the English church, where, however, there proved to be no second service at that season. Weary with the walk, and with the heat, I sat down and bore, as long as I could, the spectacle of the gaudy equipages, mostly, unhappily, filled with the élite of English fashion, passing in and out of the gate in continual streams. It is too bad of England to receive from Rome the delight afforded by her matchless beauty and her stores of art, and not to give in return, by her example, an attractive invitation to the far greater joy of a God known, honoured, and loved. If she will not give, she must lose. If she "hath not" while

professing to possess the blessings of spiritual truth and a Christian Sabbath, from her "shall be taken away even that which she seemeth to have." Here was the materialism of Romanism. Her other side was displayed on the walls of the church of Madonna del Soccorso, which I passed in the Corso ; equally materialism this also, though, as we may say, in its spiritual aspect. Romanists are fond of declaring that they pay *worship* to God alone, and only *respect* to the Virgin and the Saints. What then was the meaning of the notice which I read on the walls of this church, recommending the faithful to flock to the shrine of this Madonna, "*who would afford them succour in whatever was their need,*" thus "*giving a good example of their faith and service to the many strangers who flocked to Rome?*"

And yet the Word of the Lord attracts those who are "of the truth," and is glorified in their salvation. There ought to be many in Rome, for the Romans, as Jessie White Mario truly remarks, are, as a rule, noble and trustworthy, never failing in a promise, nor disappointing

confidence. Of this I had an example in the padrone of the Albergo Nuovo, who gave me his word that he would be present in the Sala Cristiana in the evening, and whom, accordingly, I saw there, among the listeners to a glorious discourse on the Name of God, by the Rev. James Wall. "Man, if worthy of the title, is careful in giving his name, considering himself thereby pledged irrevocably. And will God have given His Name for nothing? Nay, the 'Name of the LORD is a strong tower.' Try it. Trust it. Jesus, the Saviour, is the Name of the LORD—'the Rock of Ages.' Wherever any accept Him and His Work, behold the LORD JEHOVAH meets the soul and affixes His Name to the Covenant of Peace, and Heaven and Earth and all Creation shall pass before He shall be found to fail."

Man needs a God like *that*—and he has such a God if he will but believe it—he has such, *if he believes it or not*, but without the belief he cannot, of course, have the comfort and the joy. Oh! why in a world like this should any turn away from the One Source of brightness? I

asked myself afresh this question on again looking, after so many years, on the face of Beatrice Cenci in the Palazzo Barbarini. That *she* had the knowledge of *this* Father in the background of her sorrowful spirit, I was again assured, as I met anew her gaze not of sadness, but of heart-weary, patient, and hopeful love.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SYNAGOGUE OF ROME.

He proves God's every threat and promise true,
That ever present miracle—the Jew.

E. S. G. S.

THE name of God—which was first revealed to Israel of old—this it is which Israel now needs to believe and to receive. The Synagogue of Rome (situated just at the entrance of the Ghetto, almost opposite the Palazzo Cenci, and in the Piazza Santa Maria del Pianto, not Santa Agnese delle Lagrime, as, by some unaccountable error, I named it in my former book on Italy), is very different from the Synagogue of Livorno, described in a previous chapter. It is smaller, but the treasures it contains are of priceless value, and it witnessed some, at least, of the terrible persecutions endured, during the middle ages, by the Jews of Rome.

We all remember how Frederick of Prussia, misnamed the Great (except that he seems to

have liked the truth to be spoken to him, which showed an element of greatness), accepted the proof of the Divine origin of the Bible, for which he challenged one of his courtiers—"The Jew, Sire!" That proof exists still in every land ; and it is a marvel that it fails to bring to Christianity (or, rather, this would be a marvel had not the Scriptures themselves predicted it), the Jews themselves, who we know, will not, as a nation, be convinced but by the sight of their returning and long rejected Messiah. The congregation of the Roman Synagogue belongs to the Sephardim—the retrograde, Conservative division of the Hebrews, composed mostly of Spanish, Portuguese, and Arabic Jews. Their superstition and bigotry, however, afford less fatal hindrances to the reception of the Gospel than those presented by the indifference and materialistic worldiness of the Ashkenazim, at any rate, of those of the reformed school, whose views find, I suppose, an adequate expression in such works as "The History and Literature of the Israelites," by C. and A. de Rothschild ; wherein their own Scriptures, the

Scriptures, I mean, of the Old Testament, are treated not at all as a message from God, but merely as an emanation from the genius of the Hebrew race,—and wherein the prophecies of Him, Whose “visage was so marred, more than any man’s,” and Who was “to sprinkle many nations” with the blood of the offering made for “the iniquities of us all,” are daringly referred to a private individual unknown, and, save for his writings, unheard of beyond his own country and time : and wherein, in order to avoid the incontrovertible correctness of the dates given in Daniel as to the time of the first coming of the Messiah for His atoning work, it is pretended that that book was compiled by some writer of the second century B.C., and that the prophecies expressed symbolically, in Chapter 2 for instance, only refer to the Syrian oppressors of the Jews, and therefore that the anticipation of “the kingdom which shall never be destroyed,” in verse 44, was but the dream of a patriotic Jew who expected the Messiah to come swiftly as a triumphant conqueror. A dream, doomed, therefore to dis-

appointment. O nation ! condemned by your own words ! seeking to reject the heritage which is still yours, and which you must receive at last ! For " Whose is this image and superscription " on the year-prints, wherewith you must (in spite of your private chronology), seal all transactions of a public character ? Whose but those of the Son of David, Who is also the Lord of David, and the Lord of time ? " Whose is the image and superscription " on every page of your own wondrous history ? Whose but His, Who said that, as a people, ye should not see Him with the inward eye till ye should say, " Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the LORD ? "*

But these old-fashioned Jews are not, as has been implied, averse to discussion. They have the weary dissatisfaction and aching hunger of the wanderer in the parable, and do not fancy themselves at home away from their Father's House. They are, I repeat, far more open to evangelization than their brethren belonging to

* בָּרוּךְ הַבָּא בְּשֵׁם יְהוָה

those schools of sceptical so-called philosophy, which are the hot-beds of nihilism and infidel agnosticism. Better is it to see the daughter of Zion (like Story's "Jerusalem," of which more anon), sitting on the ground, robed in her tallith, and bound with her phylacteries, yet desolate until her God returns,—than to blush for her as she sits a shameless goddess of Reason, in the halls of a Godless Humanitarianism, preaching her "Creed of Death."

Dr. Phillip, formerly of Livorno, worked hard and successfully, until his recent death, amid the Jews of Rome. More than one Christian lady is engaged in endeavouring to evangelize the Jewesses. So that I met with a respectful hearing in an earnest discussion which I held with two of the elders in the Upper Room of the Synagogue, before their service at the close of the Sabbath. I spoke of Jesus as the fulfiller of the Mosaic Sacrifices, which they confessed they could no longer offer. Why, then, had they been appointed, especially as God Himself declared that for its own sake He "delighted not in the blood of bullocks, or of rams, or of he-

goats?" Why, but because He thereby preached the one real atonement which now the Lamb of God has made? Only accept *that*, I said, and then will you no longer refuse to give to God "the glory of His Name" *—JEHOVAH—for which you now substitute another in fancied greater reverence, but really because while rejecting Him Who is the Way, you dare not, and you cannot, as sinners, approach the Covenant God. For "No man cometh unto *the Father*" (knowing Him as such), "but by Him." But when at length your eyes are opened, and you see Him as He is, oh! with what rapture (although with mourning unspeakable) will you greet Him with

"Blessed be He that cometh in the Name of JEHOVAH!" בָּרוּךְ הַבָּא בְּשֵׁם יְהוָה

"Tell us not," one of them passionately exclaimed, "of a human God!"

"No," I replied, "not of a Human God—but of a God Who from love to man, took, as He had promised to do, in addition to the Divine, the nature which He had Himself created, that

* לְהֹוָה כָּבוֹד שָׁמֹר Psalm xxix. 2.

He might be our Brother, our Redeemer, as well as our King."

"The truth of the Trinity is taught," I went on to say, "though it may be dimly, in your own Scriptures, as your Rabbis, if they are faithful, will tell you, and as you, perhaps, yourselves know. Witness the threefold Aaronic blessing (Num. vi. 22—27), followed (teaching Plurality in *Unity*) by the words, "They shall put *My Name*" (not *my names*) "upon the children of Israel."

The discussion was now interrupted by the arrival of the hour for service. My companions courteously and cheerfully accepted for study a copy in Italian of that prince of Epistles, addressed equally to Jews and Gentiles, St. Paul's Letter to the Romans.

I listened to their quickly uttered harangues, rather than prayers, which certainly appeared (it not being a full service, there was little, if any reading from the Law) an unmeaning "vain repetition" of discordant cries. And then, in the growing moonlight, I walked quietly away, and turning round by the Capitol, gazed on the now

silent Forum, which once echoed the accents of old Roman eloquence. Going down some steps to the right, I passed under the Memorial Arch of Titus, raised when Jerusalem began her long journey of exile ; and stood within the enclosure of the Colosseum, (no longer guarded by a French soldier), whose massive walls and now jagged battlements assumed the appearance of a many-eyed and sharp-teethed monster ; like the one seen by the prophet of old, “dreadful and terrible and strong exceedingly,” that had “great iron teeth ;” which “devoured and brake in pieces and stamped the residue.”

Mr. Wall believes that a Christian Church might again be soon gathered from among the Jews of Rome. God grant that he may himself be led to make that purpose prominent in his own earnest efforts !

For “all the glory of man,” even as embodied in such works as the Arch of Titus and the Colosseum, has in it the elements of decay. But “the Rock of Ages” is rooted for Eternity, and the Word and Promise of our God “shall stand for ever.”

CHAPTER XII.

FROM ROME TO NAPLES.

Fairer than all the joys of sense
Is the Mind's great inheritance.

E. S. G. S.

BEING obliged to travel third-class if possible, I left Rome for Naples and Capri at half-past ten on the night of June 26th. The hour was a pleasant one at that season, and would have been preferable for the journey, were not every inconvenience placed in the way of third-class travellers in those parts. The windows of the hard and narrow carriages are placed so high that you cannot see from them without rising. However, I watched from one of them our dream-like passage over the melancholy Campagna, and by the time we were through it was myself wandering in sleep. But I heard the names of most of our halting places, one half-way between Rome and Naples being Capua, with its

memories of Hannibal's demoralized forces. There is a sensation of descent in the whole journey; not that I believe there is any incline in the physical level of the country, but that you consciously leave the royal territory of the intellect and imagination for the paradise of the senses. As morning coloured the mists, which had not been of all ebon hue during the hours of the night, we stopped at station after station, the country between increasing in luxurious loveliness, something different from the graceful fruitfulness of Tuscany, which had evidently responded to more labour from the hand of man.

At about 7 a.m. Naples was reached, her herald, Vesuvius, having been for some time visible, surprising my eyes by wearing a small white cloud upon its summit, while I had pictured a dark cloud as its crown at all hours. Clean and modern-looking in all respects was the terminus, and a cup of excellent tea (a difficult thing oftentimes to obtain in Italy) refreshed me after the journey. I was desirous to proceed at once to Capri, but was informed —falsely, I was afterwards told, truthfulness not

being a frequent Neapolitan virtue—that no boat left on that day. I therefore, after an hour at the Museum, with its galleries of classic forms, sought out the missionary of whom I had heard at Rome as conducting a mission in that island, but whose residence was at Naples, at the top of a palatial mansion in the beautiful Strada Vittorio Emmanuele. I found him absent, as he had not yet returned from Capri, but his assistant, a young Canadian, received me with all courtesy, and provided for my rest until the return of the Rev. Papengouth himself. From his lofty apartments, I looked over the bright blue bay, Vesuvius opposite beginning to frown as afternoon advanced ; and saw on a hill to the right the ruins of the awful castle of Sant' Elmo, which was destroyed and its prisoners released by Garibaldi, in 1860. Mr. Newbery placed a chair for me in the balcony, that I might the more fully enjoy the view. “O, kindly remove it !” I exclaimed, after having made experiment thereof ; “I feel as though I were sitting in the air.” At the return of the Rev. Mr. Papengouth and his wife, they gave me heartiest welcome,

and I shall always remember gratefully the brotherly Christian interest which he took in the subjects of which I spoke to him, as then occupying my special thoughts and care in connection with this visit to Italy, and the prayers which he offered for Divine guidance and blessing. I accompanied them to a hall which they used opposite the Museum for evangelistic work, and after the meeting returned to my hotel on the port, where beneath a bright moon I contemplated a scene resembling partly the King's Road, Brighton, with the added bustle of a crowded port. A few hours of repose, and then the Calabrese bore me over the blue waves, of a tint brighter but not so deep as that of the more northern Mediterranean, in three hours of a calm passage to Capri's enchanted isle.

CHAPTER XIII.

CAPRI.

O heart of man, that can destroy
The fairest Paradise of joy,
Turning with diabolic spell,
A Heaven into a very Hell !
O heart of God, that can restore !
Where sin abounds abounding more,
In that unconquerable love
Which brought Thee from Thy home above
To make the Great Atonement, where
Else had for ever reigned despair.

E. S. G. S.

CAPRI'S enchanted isle, I say; for the Syrens, though turned to stone, still watch her shores. The three rocks, so named, somewhat resembling the Needles, off the Isle of Wight, stand a little to the right of the Grande Marina, the landing place of the island. These rocks are also called the Faraglioni, or lighthouses; and perhaps I am wrong in supposing them to be the Syrens themselves, who more probably are imagined to haunt their dangerous

peaks. Before going on shore, however, I was taken in a little boat to the far-famed Grotta Azzurra, which, as it was a fine day, I found quite worthy of its celebrity. The blue is that of a sapphire, both soft and dazzling, as is the hue of the waters of that part of the Mediterranean, very different, according to previous remark, from the deep purple of that sea's more northern waves. Having been rowed again to the Calabrese, she landed me at the Grande Marina. The residence of the friend whom I was seeking being some way up the rocks (for all the houses of Capri rise in gradually-ascending circles, although not formally, but dotted here and there amid their own gardens, towards the gray cliffs of Ana-Capri, which form the back ground of the whole), I mounted an "asina," which took me up through the winding lanes, whereof stone garden walls were hedges, with now and then a short flight of steep stone steps—walls festooned with hanging wreaths of flowering myrtle, and the blue gray campanula, to the house and the friend I sought near to the one church, a domed, but not very fine, structure,

dedicated to San Stefano, in the one small piazza of the island. Now again I had to mount, as my friend lived in the top floor of the Palazzo, so, crossing dark cavernous openings, I began to climb, being quite out of breath by the time the ascent was over. But the prospect from the verandah, stretching the whole width of the building, and from the house-top, more lofty still, was well worth the exertion.

Capri is an Earthly paradise of beauty—"a ruined Eden" it has been not inaptly called. Five rocks of considerable height enclose the inhabited portion ; two to the right called Il Telegrafo and La Torre ; three to the left, San Michele, La Castiglione, and the Salto di Tiberio ; while the northern portion of the island is occupied by the mountainous district of Ana-Capri, Alpine in steepness to ascend, but forming at the top a table-land whereon is another small town, quite distinct from the lower in its inhabitants, and very greatly in its customs also. At the foot of Ana-Capri on the sea shore is the Piccol a Marina, a smaller natural harbour, but as unused for landing, desolate as the strand of a

mountain-tarn. This portion of Capri looks over to the Isle of Ischia, noted for recent volcanic eruptions, especially for the terrible one in the year succeeding my visit.* The inhabitants of Capri and of Ana-Capri respectively, differ much in appearance and character. The Capresi are bright, lively, and graceful, with apparently an admixture of the airy Greeks in their nature. The Ana-Capresi are dark, proud, and stately, with something of an eastern gloom. They are said to consider themselves of Hebrew origin, and seldom intermarry with the lower islanders, on whom they look down in every sense.

The rocky cliff of Capri called the Telegrafo is divided half-way by a station named Tregara, a title whereof I know not the meaning. Here is an hotel, chiefly frequented by soldiers, fronted by an open space, bounded by a low semi-circular stone wall on the very brow of the precipice, which here rises sheer from the waves. Hither my friend brought me for a moonlight ramble on the first evening of my stay. It was

* See Note 1, before Appendix.

quite permissible to roam without hat or bonnet, and, distance hiding the intervening walls, it appeared that we were walking through the groves of our own vast garden, where the snowy myrtle blossoms gleamed yet more brightly in the soft rays of the moon,—rather, here, pale-golden than silver—which, as we looked down upon the dark still waves, sent through them a sheeny stream, o'er which it needed but little imagination to see fairy forms gliding and evanishing in light. The granite sternness of Ana-Capri gave dignity to the else too luxurious landscape, which filled the soul, or rather the senses, with a dreamy charm. Why the loveliness seemed too entirely of Earth to satisfy the spirit could hardly be accounted for, but I attribute it to the luscious atmosphere, across whose warm sweetness there shot, even at that midnight-hour, no single thrill of keenness or of strength. I love warmth, but I love it with tempering freshness. Capri is too uniformly mild, recalling spontaneously to the memory the tales of the gardens of Armida and of the Isle of Calypso ; while yet there is something solemn

in it, as its groves are chiefly of the gray ethereal olive, in the midst arising a solitary palm. The next day was one by me to be long remembered, because of its full and varied experiences. We drove up to Ana-Capri early in the afternoon by the zig-zag path, which is a triumph of Italian industry and skill, and which shows sufficiently that there is no lack of energy in these children of the sunny south. The dear little horse, which resembled a Highland pony, had performed the toilsome journey before on that day, but this we knew not when we set out. At every turn of the sharp angular windings of the ascent, the poor animal stopped, panting painfully, till I could bear it no longer, but dismounted to give it ease. Arrived at the summit, we were met by a procession of Becchini, in other words, a funeral band belonging to the Misericordia, resembling those I had seen at Livorno and in Florence, only that with these the long garments and eye-pierced veils were white, and the capes or chasubles of azure blue, which rendered their appearance more unearthly still. We alighted at the ex-Convent of San-Michele, which the Rev.

Papengouth, whom I saw in Naples, had purchased to remodel, and make the head-quarters of a much needed mission. The building was still in a state of transition, and as we were taken round it by the son, who accorded us a most kind and genial welcome, I could but think of Jerusalem, or some other site of the still and ever *Holy Land*, as I looked from the white walls on the court-yard, with its vineyard) in the centre whereof arose a fig-tree, sun-dried and dusty), and its “garden enclosed.” Our visit over, we re-descended, the little horsie this time trotting briskly and with comfort ; Monte Solario, or Solaro, the highest point of Ana-Capri, and therefore the beacon-height of the island, arising on the right, while the surrounding rocks, one in particular, being strewn with blocks of grey-white granite, appeared covered with endless processions of Becchini, one or other mighty stone apart recalling Sisyphus pursuing his unending toil. Late in the evening, I was summoned to the house-top to witness the fireworks wherewith the church of Rome commemorated the day as St. Peter’s, the 29th June.

These were let off from the Piazza beneath by mere boys, and as many of the smaller tenements around were of wood, the proceeding appeared to me dangerous. Balloons and contrivances of curious forms mounted one after another ; the many-coloured sparks of rockets rose high, higher, and yet higher still, in the clear moveless air, till at length one seemed to reach the stars and stay amongst them. Dizzy with looking down, and yet dizzier with gazing upward, I descended quickly, feeling overpowered with the new sensation caused by the spectacles of the day, and almost fancying from the physical effect produced, that my own soul was about to shoot away into some region of space, to leave the poor body motionless and dead.

The next day we visited the Salto di Tiberio, the eminence on whose brow are the remains of the villa of that Roman Emperor. The cliff is called his “Salto” or Leap, because he caused whoever offended him to be dragged to its extremity, and thence hurled into the waves beneath. You listen to hear the splash into the waters of the stone cast from the sum-

mit, calculating from the interval the height whence fell the unhappy victim of the monster's vengeance. The villa is in charge of a Hermit, who is said to derive his subsistence from the gifts of visitors. Solitude seems to have rendered him semi-idiotic, for he replied with a vapid laugh to my involuntary reflections on the inhuman wickedness of the Imperial wretch, and on the super-abounding mercy of Him who had provided a sacrifice for the world's iniquity, at the very time when the cruelties and orgies of the founder of this villa were turning into a hell of evil and of misery this paradise ; for it is said that Tiberius was at Capri at the time of the crucifixion. Similar sentiments I could not avoid expressing in the Travellers' Memorial Book, kept at the small hotel a little lower down. When we stood on the brow of the hill, having contemplated previously the ruins of the villa ; seen in what were its lowest rooms, large rabbits running at ease, moving their unwieldy limbs in the grotesque antics of their kind ; and traced for some yards the tessellated mosaic pavement, which is said to have led to subterranean gal-

leries, but which must be diminishing yearly, as fragments continue to be sold as relics, to tourists ; the sunset was past, but had flung its withering roses on the encircling air, and the full moon arose slowly and solemnly, causing deep, dark shadows by the very plentitude of her light. Opposite lay the Isle of Ischia, dimly seen through the surrounding mists. And over all the tender violet of the arching heavens.

Can Tiberius have gazed upon a scene like this, and not afterwards have found his crimes impossible ?

Does not the reply to the question teach us that nothing outward can regenerate the human soul ?

On the day of my arrival at Capri, though I knew not of it till afterwards, there was executed in America, in contravention of the express wish of the hero who had fallen by his hand, Guiteau, the murderer of Garfield ; the miserable creature being allowed to "play his fantastic tricks before high Heaven" on the very scaffold, in the face of his Maker. Why was he not permitted to pass from prison to a nameless

and unnoticed grave, when God in His own good time summoned him? When will it be seen that such a punishment is far more likely to check the insane Cæsarian vanity which takes possession of the breasts of some (of Frenchmen most frequently, but by no means of Frenchmen exclusively), who, having like those Imperial Monsters of old Rome, placed themselves beyond hope of the esteem of their kind, would, rather than pass into obscurity, distinguish themselves by any insane vagary of inhuman vice? When, above all, will men learn that what they call "Capital Punishment" is a capital crime, and crime's great perpetuator? When will they see that it is utterly opposed to the spirit, and even, I believe, to the *letter* of Christianity, since one of Christ's last commands before Himself making the one only atonement that could or ever can be made for sin in general, or for any particular sin, private or public, was *this*, "Put up again thy sword into his sheath"?

In the midst of the sultry brightness of the next day, descended fervid showers; and my friend, who was walking by my side, pointed

out to me in the distance towards Naples, two of those fearful phenomena of that treacherous sea, "trombe," or water-spouts. Of these, so perilous to the mariner, there are two kinds, whereof one by its suction hollows beneath it a deep gulf, into which any vessel within scope of its attraction is drawn, and swallowed up; while the other catches up the ship, and dashes it down in hopeless ruin. The only defence against these foes, therefore, is flight; and woe to the sailor who cannot escape them. In the evening, in preparation for the morrow, which was Sunday, I again went up to Ana-Capri, on a sure-footed "asina" (a horse had carried me to the Salto, but the motion of what is considered the inferior animal seemed better adapted to the heights), to the Protestant mission at San Michele's former convent. That night was disturbed by a tremendous and long-continued storm, unusual at that season, whereof the afternoon showers had been heralds. Torrents of rain washed free from dust the vines and the drooping fig-tree; and flashes of vivid lightning gave spectral illumination to the Eastern-looking courtyard.

The mission had been established too short a time to be in full usefulness, so at the services the congregations were small, though attentive. I walked down in the evening the spiral path back to Capri, in the full moonlight, and, beyond the ghostly outline of Ischia, beheld the red throbings of the fierce heart of Vesuvius, with their suggestions of a hidden terror lying behind and beneath the witchery of the landscape's external calm.

I regret that I could not remain one day more at Capri to visit, on the hill called La Castiglione, the ruins of a Castle, dating back to the time when Frederic Barbarossa ruled the two Sicilies. But I might stay no longer, so, on the Monday, my friend "accompanied me to the ship"—again the "Calabrese"—wherein I left northward and homeward bound.

CHAPTER XIV.

BACK TO ROME.

“ Warm and fierce and fickle is the south.”

Tennyson.

FOR three francs was given a ticket from Naples for Capri and back, lasting a month, and on your return voyage you might, if you pleased, visit Sorrento, and proceed thence to Naples : certainly the cheapest portion of an Italian tour. I suppose the number of summer passengers to those haunts of beauty is the reason of the smallness of the fare. I took advantage of the choice of route, and landed at the birth-place of Tasso, far-famed Sorrento. Up the steep hill, which rises direct from the landing-place, I climbed in the unshaded sun, and at once entered a “vettura,” or open carriage, for Castellamare where the railroad from Naples ends. The expensiveness of this mode of travelling balances the cheapness of the other portion of the way.

High walls of rich deep red, over which many flowering plants, chiefly the delicate blue campanula, hung their trailing clusters, were the chief features of the passage through Sorrento, and then the "vettura" wound round headland after headland of the rocky coast, upon which the waves broke in foam ; themselves, especially at and near Castellamare, of the hue we are accustomed to call sea-green in the sun, with warm purple shadows. Castellamare had all the sparkle and brightness of a sea-port town in its dashing billows, and in the liveliness of its population, with their gaily coloured attire, and their bustling garrulity. It was a short transit thence to Naples, though by the time that was attained the evening-hour was late. At that station occurred the solitary instance of dishonesty which I met with in my travels, and I think the delinquent must have had brigand blood in his veins. When the train stopped, a man in a blue blouse, but no regular railway official, came to the door of the carriage of which I was the only occupant, and while offering to collect my small parcels, for which, as I told him, I needed no

assistance, dived his great hand into my pocket in search of my purse. Providentially, for so I felt it, that was so small, as containing only paper money, that it eluded his grasp. It held but sufficient to take me on to Rome, and I could not be thankful enough that it escaped the villain's rapacity.

I visited, during the interval before the train re-started, the energetic and kind-hearted Wesleyan minister of Sant' Anna in Palazzo, to thank him for "*La Civiltà Evangelica*," a periodical, both religious and secular, which he had in kindness long sent to me in England. And then, while the many lights of Naples were burning, I turned my back on that brilliant capital of the south, and was borne through the night back to the capital of Italy, mighty and maternal Rome.

It was early morning when I reached her, and but for fatigue, I could have enjoyed a ramble through her streets, in the freshness immediately succeeding sunrise. But as it was I was glad to turn in to the shelter of the Albergo Nuovo again, for refreshment and repose.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SCULPTOR'S STUDIO.

Dumb art thou? O Love immortal,
More than words thy speech must be.

George MacDonald.

HAVING the delight of another day in Rome, I spent an hour in the studio of Mr. Story, who, unfortunately, was himself absent, as he had been on the occasion of my former visit. This time I recalled but to retract my judgment respecting him, for now at least his power of delineating the holy, the tender, was expressed.* There was first, "Love questioning the Sphinx,"—a masterly work—the expression of the woman-monster half contemptuous, half despairing, finding herself met by a greater mystery than any shrouded in her enigmas—puzzled irremediably by a child. Electra, wondering and tender; Helen, bold and beautiful, holding the cup of

* And that power in the beautiful quite equals, if it do not surpass, his power in the contrary direction.

famous mould ; Salome, vain and shameless, yet lacking the aspect of indurated depravity worn by her companion, Clytemnestra ; Aleestis, typical woman in her self-devotion ; Margarita, shrinking back from the verge of the precipice over which she feels herself about to fall ; the Libyan Sibyl and the Cleopatra, which twenty years before had met the eyes of strangers of all lands in the galleries of our Hyde Park Palace (these two latter having, with the Sphinx at the entrance, the true African physiognomy, yet each entirely distinctive) ; all were there, with many others. But largest, I think, in size, and certainly chief in meaning, was one figure ; massive and grand, yet not regal ; matronly as a bereaved mother—Jerusalem. I was told that the marble statue itself was in New York, and it is but right that America should herself possess this decidedly greatest work of her gifted son. In defiance of all Talmudic rules (which do not allow a woman to wear either), Jerusalem is vested in the Tallith, or praying-robe, and her brow is circled by a band fastening the phylactery upon her forehead ; although, as we

have said, and as the artist doubtless knows, incorrect literally, this is most correct symbolically. So sits among the nations the Daughter of Zion ; trammelled, indeed, by the burdensome traditions of men, but grander in her gloom than any satisfied with aught less than her own departed glory. Compare the luxurious wickedness of the imperial Semiramis, so beautiful, yet so vile, who sits near by ; compare even the fairer forms of classic Greece, bright or dark, good or evil ; and you will find something higher in this mourner without tears. She has lost her God, nor will she smile till she again has found Him. “O Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !” that didst reject thy Lord, and would’st not let Him shelter thee, this at least is to thy praise (in contrast to the times of old), that thou now comfortest thyself with none other. Thou canst not do without Him ; and He as well as thou will be comforted with the burst of rapturous, though adoring, love with which thou wilt greet Him when thou seest and knowest Him at last.

I saw nothing here distinctively Italian. There was the sculptor’s own honoured father ;

there was the benevolent Peabody, looking as kind, in these, to him, strange quarters as in Cornhill, and, withal, as placid and as commonplace ; and there was Elizabeth Barrett Browning (modelled, I was told, from her portrait) with her wealth of hair, her loving eyes, and the bitter-sweet mouth of genius. But for Italians, you must enter the Capitol, where I looked on a bust of Garibaldi (happily, it was said, as *provisional* as his present tomb, for it was very poor and unworthy of its object) ; and there, in the samé room, with Napoleon, whom, with such a face, we *must* call *the great* (he also, be it remembered, an Italian), with Christopher Columbus, in the exquisite beauty of his early youth, wherein he recalls the portrait of that same Napoleon at Versailles ; and with Michael Angelo, is, and will be while Rome stands, her son who loved her so well, and suffered for her so long and so faithfully—truly pictured in the brow of power, the eye of fire, and the lips of silent strength, that Son who is embalmed for ever in her heart—Giuseppe Mazzini.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE LAST DAY IN ROME.

O, drink of the fountain, its streams are from far,
Its waters the clearest of waters that are—
Before you re-wander o'er mountain and plain
O, drink of its wave, it will bring you again
To the City of beauty, more solemnly grand
Than aught else ye shall see upon ocean or land.

O, Fountain of Trevi ! whence cometh thy spell ?
More in us than in thee doth the witchery dwell.

I HAVE said that to wake for the first time in Rome is a sensation which, in order to be understood, must be experienced. The same thing is true of *leaving* Rome, as one has reason to believe, for the last time. Italy herself seems left when Rome is left. It is that which tries the heart-strings ; and after that all else is easy.

The round pebbles, making the Seven Hills seem more hilly, are gone now, except from the side streets in the poorer quarters. After quitting the studio of Story, I went on to discover what remained of the associations of my former

visit. For instance, I went round to the Vicolo dei Greci, to see whether I could learn aught of the friend whose rooms I had then shared. But though the Vicolo is unchanged in name, it is itself so completely transformed, that I could not even identify the number, while my former hostess was undiscoverable. I looked again on La Cenci, as she is called—for though there are other paintings, some of great worth, in the Barberini Gallery, this Beatrice also, like the Beatrice of Dante amid her attendant maidens, prevents by HER gaze, yours from wandering as it meets her own. “Beatrice”—Blessed one; Right name for both.

To the Piazza di Spagna, down by the stone steps fringed with myrtle and oleander trees, the long flight which leads from the Via delle Quattro Fontane, terminating the Via Viminale into that square, shadowless on a summer noon, on one side of which is the so-called Holy Office of the Inquisition, even here associated with the name of Spain, but now, I trust and believe, no longer used as a prison, Garibaldi having first opened its awful gates in 1849, so that the

Romans knew what a palace of darkness they had in their midst, and the freed people themselves, having abolished its reign of dread in 1870. Not far behind the Piazza di Spagna lies the Forum of Trajan, and close to this, if not at one end of it, is the Fountain of Trevi, with its triple cascade, to the waters whereof are attributed the magical power of bringing back to Rome all who drink of them. Then I strayed for some little distance along the Corso—that straight road shot arrow-like from near the old Rome of the Capitol, the Forum, the Colosseum, to the Rome of the present in the Piazza del Popolo, with its equally thrilling stories of danger, of daring, and of victory. For near that gate were wrought most of the heroic deeds under Garibaldi in the glorious time of 1849—the first birth-throes of Roman liberty. And through that 'gate, entered the victorious Italian army, victorious even then not without a deadly struggle, in 1870—when at last Free Rome was born. Once more I went round to the Vicolo del Pavone, near to the Ponte San Angelo, to visit an esteemed and much-tried friend.

The round pebbles have not departed from these tortuous turnings by the Tiber, which at present bear few traces of modern improvement.

My friends, the Walls, were going the next day, for a short change and relaxation, to Siena. I, therefore, took leave of them in the Piazza San Lorenzo, and returned to my hotel to prepare for my early departure on the morrow. The moon was waning, and did not rise till past midnight; but her light was unneeded to give pathos and solemnity to the scene, as I bent over the waters of Trevi's fountain, reflecting infrequent lamps in their otherwise dark waves. I drank of them. Will they bring me to Rome again? Or is the spell exhausted when it has once availed? Time, or rather, the want of it, had obliged me to take a "legno" (the Roman name for a cab), but there was no over-charging by the Roman vetturino. Jessie White Mario speaks only with justice of the good faith and honesty of the Roman people. There is also a nobility in their respectful courtesy, altogether devoid both of servility and impertinence.

"*Grazie*," I said, descending from the "legno,"

for the vetturino had patiently awaited my leisure as I drank of the Fountain of Trevi and slowly returned.

"*Grasie a lei,*" was the reply, with a manner of grateful respect.

The Romans appreciate your love for Rome. Other Italians, especially the Piedmontese, sometimes mistake your admiration for envy; but they of Rome value the sympathy of foreigners, particularly of the English, and delight in showing their gratitude. Marzocchi, the padrone of the hotel, took personal care that I was in time for the early morning train, and accompanied me to the station, himself carrying my bag, the only instance of such thoughtfulness during my Italian journeyings. With evidently sincere thankfulness, he accepted the pocket Italian Testament which I gave him as a parting remembrance.

To my pleasure I found that the Rev. James Wall and his wife were going by the same early train as far as Orvieto, so that I had English companionship as some solace amid the inexpressible sensations accompanying a second farewell to Rome.

CHAPTER XVII.

NORTHWARD.—PAST FLORENCE, BOLOGNA, AND
MODENA, TO VERONA.

Thy melancholy eyes of love,
O, mother-hearted Rome !
Rest on me as away I move,
Bound for my Northern home.
Still shall I see them as I stand
On a far distant shore,
And pray the God of every land
To bless thee evermore.

AT a not very distant point from the city, the winding of the train brings it within view of that corner which contains the chief meaning of Rome to modern ears—St. Peter's, and the enclosure which it dominates, flanked by the cypresses of Monte Mario, and with the Tiber circling below. O that the streams of Roman Christianity were but purified ! O that the idol-shepherds no longer “fouled with their feet” what would otherwise be the river of the water of life !

Reduced to a miniature as the train advanced, and it apparently receded, most exquisite was the beauty of this medallion picture! Memory preserves it faithfully, though the feebler eyesight of the body may rest on it no more.

We spoke, the English evangelists of Rome and myself, of the progress of God's truth in that city, for whose evangelization we had prayed together when I had before left them at Bologna. We quite agreed that scepticism and despairing doubt, or careless indifference, oppose greater hindrances to the spread of the Gospel in Rome than what is called Romanism. The Roman populace is not Roman Catholic. For that you must go to Naples or to Sicily. And the spread of the truth among the Romans, if slow, is sure. Their truth-loving nature loves it when once recognised, and there even the Jew is less disposed to cavil as he listens to it, stripped of idolatrous mummary and of priestly pretension.

My friend, Mr. Wall, was an earnest advocate of adult baptism; and when I replied to his kindly attack upon the subject, that I believed

myself to have been baptized when, as an infant, I received the Christian name, and was signed with the sign of the Cross, and that I felt this too solemn and too precious a privilege to dare to repeat it, he rejoined—"If ever you should see differently, come to Rome, and I will baptise you in the Catacombs, where there is a baptistery used by the early Christians, fed by a living stream!" A tempting offer!

Orvieto came, and they alighted, as they were to remain there for a day or two before going on to Siena. "The LORD be with you! We shall pray for you," said Mr. Wall, as they left the train. I watched them climbing the steep path that led to the small city set on a hill, which looked somewhat ruinous and war-battered on its eminence, but also strong and grand. I felt lonely now, as I went on alone (for all companion-strangers), through the region over which still brooded the vastness, the solitude the old-world atmosphere of Rome.

But the associations of more ordinary life began ere long to claim attention. Busy, graceful, artistic Tuscany was soon entered, and defied

you to be indifferent to her charms. At length Florence was reached about seven p.m., and here the train halted for an hour, and we changed for Bologna, where we arrived in the darker hours after midnight. I enjoyed the breezes of the stronger northern air as we sped along right through the Apennines, which, in some parts of the way, seemed close to the carriage-windows, while we heard the roar of the torrents that, gleaming through the mists of night, tumbled down their rugged sides.

Bologna reached, I allowed myself to be borne in the omnibus belonging to the hotel where I had tarried before, that of the Quattro Pellegrini. The tram-like conveyance (for, if I remember rightly, it goes on rails) rattled on a long distance through the night, and I could not discern much, as, lighted by a small candle, I was conducted to my apartment. In the morning I went soon forth to the post-office, where I expected a letter to be awaiting me, and it appeared that Bologna also had lost much of its antiquated appearance. It is the great collegiate town of Italy, as was Padua in the

past. These two cities are the Oxford and Cambridge of the peninsula. Bologna has a fine gallery of the paintings of its own school, and has been hallowed in modern times as the scene of the martyrdom of Ugo Bassi. I could gladly have remained there for a longer period ; but as the Quattro Pellegrini had been greatly enlarged since my former visit, and its charges were high, I thought it better to press on northwards ; and so left its scholastic arcades, here and there interrupted by the tower of some hall or church, rising to an almost monstrous height, and to my eyes more curious than beautiful. My next halting place was Modena, which was new to me. This small city, resembling in self-satisfied placidity an English country-town, as it lay basking in a warmer than English sun, was very different from any other spot which I had seen in Italy, altogether to my fancy less distinctive and Italian. Remembering the adjuration of Rogers,

“ If ever thou should’st come to Modena
Stop at a palace near the Reggio Gate
Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini,” &c.

in which he prays the traveller to visit the building wherein the bride of Francesco Doria, the

luckless Ginevra, hid (from human view for ever, through the closing of the spring lock, whereof she had been ignorant), her youthful face, whose portrait hung above—

“ So lovely and so arch, so full of mirth,
Within the chest which proved her tomb.”

I immediately sought this palace, but in vain. I applied for information at the library itself, near to the Reggio Gate, but found the custodian totally ignorant of the whole matter. He said that another English lady had made similar inquiries only a short time before, but that he thought the imagination of the poet must have supplied the whole data, for that of any such occurrence Modena was entirely ignorant. Since my return to England, I have sent him the story as Rogers tells it, and I retain my own belief in its correctness. I was, however, directed to a small but interesting gallery of paintings, whose chief charm to me was that I there saw in an upper room an artist copying a fine portrait of Garibaldi, recently taken at Milan. The painting was in the stage just beyond a sketch—and the pallor, the ghostliness, were but too correct.

The Cathedral of Modena, with another of those disproportioned towers, stands in the market place. It was closed, and time did not allow of a lengthened inspection. The inscription outside was noticeable, telling of the close of the dukedom of this city and Parma, since which it has been associated with Venice in the government of the one kingdom of Italy. I went on towards evening to Verona, which was attained at about half-past ten at night. Hearing that my former resting-place, the hotel "Torre di Londra," had, like the "Quattro Pellegrini," of Bologna, grown of late years in grandeur and expensiveness, I was borne to a smaller mansion on the Riva San Lorenzo, entered at the back from the busy street, a little beyond one of Verona's ancient archways, and fronting the Adige, which flowed ever past the shadowing trees, its swift eddies of turbid green suggesting, even in summer, the force and fury of the autumn and winter floods.

CHAPTER XVIII.

VERONA.

L'Italia, sempre bellissima, vi *strasia* colla sua belt
quando le dice Addio.

Jessie White Mario.

“Italy, always fair, smites you with her beauty when
you bid her farewell.”

I NOW felt the truth of these words ; for Verona
was the last Italian city at which I stayed dur-
ing these wanderings. By the remaining, I
merely sped as a bird of passage. And Verona
is fair indeed, as Shakespeare truly calls her.
I had thought her so years before ; but now
when I saw her more at leisure, I felt her beauty
to my inmost soul. Most of her buildings, like
the Arena, which is her central and most dis-
tinctive feature, are of red brick, not dark, but
paled and refined by the atmosphere, and over
them in the mass there lies, as it were, a veil
of other hues, a soft bloom, how produced I
know not. I could hear of no picture-gallery

in Verona (I have since learned from Howell's "Italian Journeys" that, as I should have expected, there is a fine one;) but she needs none, being herself a picture of such exquisite loveliness. I visited first the Palazzo dei Scali, or Scaligeri, in the central Piazza or Square, where Dante found his first *halting*, scarcely *resting-place*, on his life-long exile. Is it to the name of this family* that he refers when he says—

"How hard it is to climb another's *stairs*!"

The flight of steps within, as well as that of stone at the entrance, is broad and grand; to him, however, doubtless, steep as the mountain-side of Purgatory. For Can Grande, though jovial and hospitable, was not an appreciative friend, not one of those to whom indebtedness is no pain.

I had sought out previously the cemetery, supposing that to its gateway Ruskin alluded when speaking of a recumbent figure, lying as in sleep, which to him typified Italy herself. *There* I sought in vain, but now I believe I have looked

* Scala, means staircase or ladder. A golden ladder was the family badge.

upon it, at the entrance of the church of San Anastasia, where on a tomb reclines such a form in marble. The Scaligeri, or family of La Scala, were, in Dante's day, lords of Verona, having the power of coinage, and I was shown their "Sicca," or mint, near to the Palazzo, and to the monuments to Can Grande, and other members of the house, not far from the church of San Anastasia. The building is now dilapidated, having shared the fall of its lords; for the family has now died out, having left behind no sign of honour save its connection with the imperishable name of Dante—*Durante* evermore.

The house of Juliet is still pointed out, as well as her and her Romeo's tomb. This latter I had not seen before, but visited now, reaching it at the end of a long vine-clad trellis or pergola, the broad leaves forming a welcome shadow from the sultry sun along the approach through a small wild garden. You then enter a stone chapel, and are shown the tomb in what may once have been the vault of the Capulets. Why, not? The portrait of Friar Laurence—in Italian

Lorenzo—hangs upon the wall, and an excellent translation in German by Schlegel of “Romeo and Juliet” is sold at the doorway.

I then mounted the interminable steps leading to the terraced gardens of the Palazzo Giusti. From thence a panoramic view of the city is obtained, and it is well worth the toilsome ascent to look down on this jewel set in the plain of Lombardy, surrounded by the distant hills which lie upon the horizon in clouds of many colours. Such a scene might exercise a spell binding the thoughts as the gaze to Earth, but for the monitory cypresses around—each a dark figure of death, up-pointing unto Heaven.

I had one fellow spectator, clearly German in his taciturnity, and the self-absorption of his contemplation.

For the first time during this visit to Italy, I met here with a diminutive specimen of the strange-named, many-hued flower—the Lontana Camera, in a hand-barrow drawn by a flower-seller through the bright and busy streets; streets along which of old walked the poet, while the women whispered as he passed—“Ecco

quel ch'è stato all 'Inferno ! " * . Evening came, with all her sky-hung lamps, which sparkled the more dazzlingly, because unbathed in the moon's softer splendour. The posting of a letter took me to the Piazza dei Signori, where, in a line with the apartments which he occupied in exile, stands ever Dante (in Zannoni's statue), beneath those stars he loved so well, and amid which his spirit wandered as at home while his feet trod wearily below a rougher pathway. Dante loved the stars, and seems to have cared less for the gentler moon ; she was too calm for his fiery nature, which burned ever as a starry sun, owning no ruler save the Sun of all lesser lights, and it was well that the stars formed his crown, as, while kindling military music from a band in the Square's centre filled the air but disturbed not the inner atmosphere of silence in which stood within my heart that wondrous form, I rested against the pedestal, and looked up into those stony eyes through which thought and feeling still seemed to gaze, to the responsive shining of the myriad eyes above. He holds a

* " Look on him who has been in hell ! "

book, doubtless the chronicle of his extra-earthly wanderings, in his right hand, which supports the elbow of the left arm, on which rests the chin of that incomparable face. Is not that face itself a *Divina Commedia*, a three-fold record of the traversed agony of Hell, the conflict and passion of Earth,* passing into repose through the informing light of Heaven? The inscription is simply—

Dante.

Verona.

Lo primo suo Rifugio.

The position of these final words, and the substitution of "Lo" for "Il" are just instances of the involuntary music to which Italian speech sings itself instinctively when the meaning is poetry.

Back to my hotel I went, past the rapid Adige, stormy as the poet's thoughts. I could have remained on in Verona, and for a while at least have felt it no exile. But neither time nor means permitted; and so, early the next morning, I left for the Pass of the Splugen, on my way back to England.

*Purgatory.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BRIGHT LAKE AND THE DARK MOUNTAINS.

Give glory to the LORD your God before your feet stumble upon the dark mountains.—Jer. xiii. 16.

FROM Verona, past Brescia and Bergamo, with their ruddy domed gothic churches, to Lecco, a Lake town of extra liveliness. There I embarked about mid-day upon waters at first somewhat sombre, because rock-enclosed where the lake bears the name of Lecco, but brightening as they broaden at Bellaggio, where it becomes the fair wide Lake of Como, its waves of that bluish-green or greenish-blue peculiar to the North Italian Lakes. The steamboat bore many English tourists, who added to German taciturnity the forbidding aspect which the English assume abroad, as they wear too frequently at home. Amongst these, like a climbing bean flower amid nettles, was a Swiss peasant, with

scarlet-velvet crown and jacket, over a bodice of snow-white muslin. The beauty of the scenery compensated for the lack of other companionship. This became once more solemn and gloomy as I approached my landing place, Colico, at the north-eastern corner of the lake. There is no railway at present from this point to Chiavenna, which is the next stage towards the Pass of the Splügen. The "vetture" are expensive modes of conveyance, but I fortunately encountered a Milanese gentleman, who allowed me to share his carriage, which, of course, diminished the cost. It was a desolate, dreary way, a land deserted of the inhabitants thereof, "where no one passed by, and where no man dwelt." The gloomy lake of Maloja, which my companion said had no outlet, lay on our left after about half-an-hour's ride, and into it came, eddying and roaring, the waters of the Meira, which henceforward accompanied our course. But where the road was gloomiest and most dread, recalling to me the land "full of dark mountains" where the wandering hypocrite, in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, "stumbled and fell and rose no more," it had a fearful grandeur, on

which I remarked to my fellow-traveller. "Bello-brutto," he replied, evidently having a Dante-like horror (without his sympathy) of the terrible in Nature. After about half-an-hour the scene became less drear, and the thinly scattered houses, low, and long, and gray, were evidently tenanted. A railway is in course of construction from Chiavenna to the lake, and we saw labourers busily at work upon it. This will soon change the character of the district; a channel will be made for the dark waters of Maloja ; Ennoe's tide shall issue from the Lethean pool, and "streams in the desert," shall soon make the wilderness to sing. Then will men "sow the land and plant vineyards," and "build them a city to dwell in."

Earth was made for man, and not man for the Earth, and without man Earth becomes a desolation — a body without soul. The next day would be Sunday, and I therefore enquired whether Chiavenna contained any Protestant sanctuary, and was told that it did not, but that there was one in a village a mile and a half beyond on the Engadine Pass. It was five o'clock

when Chiavenna was attained, and I then at once made arrangements to proceed to this spot. I waited at the door of the Hotel Conradi—opposite the frowning towers of a ruined building which, in the middle ages, was a palace belonging to the house of De Salis, a family of French descent, until at length a driver appeared, who, induced by a far larger sum than the distance warranted, as the unusual hour for the journey had to be taken into consideration, agreed to drive me to the Protestant village. We went by a gradual ascent along a winding mountain road, bounded on one side by a low stone wall at the cliff's brow, and on the other by rocks rising often to great height. The pale lamp of the glow-worm appeared at rare intervals amid the herbage at their base, and on the right the foaming waters of the Meira went roaring along their stony way, which, as it is one long descent, makes the stream a perpetual cataract. The driver showed me at one point the site of a village which had been wholly buried by an avalanche while the inhabitants were at church, none surviving but one deaf and dumb man, who

was wandering at the time in some distant fields.

At length the chaise, somewhat resembling an Irish car in springiness, stopped at a house, which I found was to be my resting-place—the Pension Schumacher—where two brothers of that name, German-Swiss by race, kept below a general store and a boarding-house above. *Fratelli Schumacher* was inscribed on the front of the habitation, and this mixture of languages obtained throughout. The quiet, kindly, sad-faced household servant being a native, spoke the dialect of that part of Italian-Switzerland, which was a comfort to me, amid the roughening sounds, and ways, and manners, which told but too clearly that Italy was being left behind.

CHAPTER XX.

CASTA-SEGNA.

It is Earth's twilight-hour. Not on her path
 Around the literal sun, though that *may* be ;
Since in the future she will circle round
 Another Sun, greater and brighter far.
But the dark shadows gather on her way
 Before the coming of *symbolic* night.
At midnight will the thrilling cry resound
 “Behold the Bridegroom cometh !” Therefore now
Ring from the watch-tower, so that all may hear,
 The requiem of the dying centuries ;
 Toll out the “Sign of God.”

A VILLAGE far on amid the Alps must be solemn and awful in its seclusion. For even this, the Protestant village of which the Milanese had spoken on the way to Chiavenna, which was just at their entrance, a little before the point where the two Passes of the Julier and the Engadine diverged, was amid a landscape somewhat gloomy and awe-inspiring. Close by my Pension to the right, rose the little Protestant church which had been my

attraction ; a very unlovely building, although the shrines devoted to the worship of Romanism, which were not infrequent in the neighbourhood, were certainly not much more beautiful. A small tablet on the outer wall recorded the death some years previously of a young Englishman at Chiavenna.

A little farther to the right, flowed on the ever-roaring Mera or Meira, with its unsilenced voice, as of the sea. Still beyond rose pine-clad hills, resting on a background of snow-clad mountains, whose ghostly summits stood unmoved, as white-robed angels, while the dark trees at their feet moved up in perpetual funeral procession. At the side and back of the Pension were lower hills clothed in deep-hued verdure, while just below my window lay the courtyard, with its trough rather than fountain, fed by a mountain-spring, and which served both as a bath for flocks of lovely pigeons, and as a washing place for the Schumacher laundry. The bright blue sky rose far, far overhead, and when its azure was o'erclouded, the scene, always solemn, was not a little melancholy.

The service at the church, to which I hopefully repaired on the Sunday morning, largely partook of the same tone of gloom. The congregation was small as to adults, and the only singing proceeded from a band of maidens (of the heavy Swiss type), who stood around the pastor, and with well-trained, but sad voices, made sweet solitary music.

A tiny infant, surely not more than a week old, was christened, and lay, while being solemnly named Lorenz, in his quilted hood, as in a large white sea-shell. The sermon, a metaphysical disquisition on St. John viii., 19, one would judge to have been quite over the heads or too profound for the comprehension of the simple peasants. But they appeared perfectly well satisfied with it (though somewhat after the style of satisfaction of Tennyson's Northern Farmer), and dispersed, at its conclusion, in the same lugubrious fashion as that in which they had assembled. It is to be hoped that this is not a fair specimen of every part of Protestant Switzerland ; if it is, it accounts but too easily for the alienation of the male youth of the land

from all religious ordinances. Disgusted with the mummeries of Romanism, and repelled by the coldness of the rites of a purer faith, they easily lapse into infidelity, with alas ! the ever consequent immorality of spirit and life. Perhaps, however, and may God grant it! the Felix Neffs and Oberlins are not extinct, though I did not meet with them. If they be, may He revive their race, even as He called these sublime scenes into being by the word of His power ! A small standing prayer-meeting in the afternoon, attended almost solely by the young girls before-mentioned, concluded the Sunday services.

The Pastore kindly lent me his volume of *Cantici Sacri*, which was rather different from that in common use among the Evangelici of Italy. I employed my evening in translating from it some of the hymns which most pleased me. Two of these are given at the commencement of this book. Here are two verses from a free translation of a New Year's hymn—

Almighty Father, throned above,
From Whose decree my being came !
Thou Son, Whose Wisdom and Whose Love
Redeemed our dying souls from blame !

Thou Holy Ghost Who sin canst cure !
Three, Who yet One wilt ever be
While endless ages shall endure !
We flee in this New Year to Thee.
From Thy dear Hand e'en grief is joy,
And bitter death is life most sweet :
For Thou all evil can'st destroy,
Bringing all creatures to Thy Feet.
Yea, Thou canst cause all things to grieve,
And Thou canst every smart relieve.

And the following are the two final verses of another Cantico, No. 66.

He only is our Advocate
Who, by his Dying Love so great,
Opened to Heaven our way.
So to the very Heart of God
We find a straight and living road,
And, by His Grace, obey.

How for all this can we give praise ?
Help us to serve Thee all our days,
Then high in Heaven to sing.
Where there shall be one only Fold
For all the multitudes untold
Who own Him as their King.

On the Monday I was obliged to telegraph to Zürich for letters from England containing money, which awaited me there, but which I found I required before reaching that town. Even telegraphic communication is slow in those parts ; or, at any rate, I could not receive the

letters desired before the following evening, from the mail-bag of the diligence, the arrival of which about half-past six p.m., is the great event of the day. The jingling bells are heard far in the distance, and when their faintest sound is perceived by the ear, strained to catch it afar off, all crowd to the windows, or, if more nearly concerned in the expected arrivals, to the doors. About the same time, a little earlier or a little later according to the season, either the church-clock or a separate bell tolls solemnly for twilight, giving out what is called the "Segno di Dio," "the sign of God." It is a significant custom suited to the dark awful beauty of the region, one of the sublimest spots of earth which I have yet visited. Whether it has any connection with the somewhat singular title of the village, I am unaware.

Just past the Post-office is the Custom House where the diligences stop on the frontier, for there ends Italy, and there Italian Switzerland begins. On the façade is an old dial-plate with the singular inscription half-way round, "*Cum Umbra Nihil*," and round the other half "*Sine Umbra Nihil*." I do not understand this;

for in this part of the world (and the latitude of Switzerland differs very little from our own) I know of no such shadowless hours as the first part of the device refers to. A fine flock of goats, some of a rich bright chesnut colour, attracted my notice as they were led through the village. On the Tuesday evening, having allowed sufficient time for the diligence to have been fairly sped on her way (for until this is accomplished nothing else can be attended to,) I repaired to the Post-office for my expected letters. I noticed at the time, and remembered afterwards, the rosy lights of advancing sunset on the lofty summits of the distant mountains. Fair though they were, they would have been ineffectual to give me comfort had I been detained in these regions, and so compelled to behold them frequently. Arrived at the Post-office, I found on inquiring of the not over-courteous official (for the change in this respect from Italy was noticeable and painful), that one letter and one only, awaited me there, this containing one half of a bank-note, which was, of course, useless without its companion moiety. This

naturally rendered me anxious. The letter containing the second half, was it lost? If so, I must wait where I was till I could obtain further supplies, which would necessitate delay, and, in case of the failure of another letter to reach me, how long might my imprisonment last! There was nothing for it, however, but to telegraph again to Zürich for the missing letter, and to await the result in patience and faith. I may truly say that I found it easier to exercise the latter than the former. If to be *impatiently believing* be possible (and I think, from the Psalms of David, it *is*), such was my condition of mind during these days at Casta-Segna. *Days*, for the later hour at which the second telegram was sent rendered it impossible to receive a reply on the morrow. On the Thursday, therefore, I went up for the third time, and so excited by then were my nerves, that I felt it necessary to be accompanied by one of the Fratelli Schumacher; lest, if the letter had not come, I should faint from disappointment, or should faint for joy if it had. In a tremulous voice I inquired; and, thank God! (thank Him I did indeed) there it was.

And I never fainted after all. Now, therefore, I took leave as quickly as possible of the brothers Schumacher, of Frau Schumacher and her daughter, of the kind Italian servant, and the great dog Teardo ; and, being determined to husband as far as possible the precious funds for my homeward journey, I set out on foot about 8 p.m., for Chiavenna, in order to be in time for the midnight diligence for the Splugen. The distance is really a mile and a half or two miles, but as they reckon there by kilometers (a kilometer is, I think, rather less than a furlong), it sounded much longer, and it was somewhat terrible to hear on asking a passer-by, or to see on consulting a milestone, that one had 16, 15 or 14 kilometers to tread. I was, however, in the cheery mood following on recently relieved anxiety, and the thought of the Italian hymn was my motto—

“Tread we firmly then our path
In the Lord’s own power ;
Owning Him our Guide, Who hath
Kept us to this hour.”

On, therefore, along the mountain road, which, happily, descended now the greater part of the way. Past shadowing cliffs, dark trees,

and quaint-featured rocks, with the ever-rushing Meira as my companion on the left, while, beyond rose the mountains, those nearer gloomy with sombre plumes, the more distant awful in whiteness. Then, as evening closed in, all objects became shrouded in universal shade, broken but by the falling light of hoarse-voiced torrent, recalling memories of Undine or Sintram, or by the swiftly passing lamp of some traveller's carriage. Now human habitations became few and fewer, until a distant shining out of the thick darkness awakened half joy, half dread. At last all light was gone, except that from the few stars over head, which seemed to sparkle with unusual splendour.

The allegory of such a journey speaks to every human heart in a universal language, which needs no translating. Oh ! joy to know that—

“ Beyond morass and mountain swells the star
Of perfect love, the home of longing heart and brain ! ”

Again the traces of man's presence re-appeared, lights began to gleam in windows by the roadside, and no longer amid the distant trees. At half-past ten I reached Chiavenna.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SPLUGEN PASS AND THE VIA MALA.

Each spot of Earth mirrors a human soul,
Symbol in Nature of a realm of mind ;
What marvel then that hearts where strongest faith,
And love most glorious towards their native skies
Soar loftiest, also hold the darkest glens,
The gloomiest paths—more like to Hell than Heaven?

E. S. G. S.

THE hour and a half's rest and refreshment at Hotel Conradi before the starting of the diligence at midnight were very welcome. When at length I took my place (and the chilliness of the air, though it was July, made me glad it was inside), I found that there was a fellow-traveller in the shape of a Capuchin monk. Happily we were not solitary companions, for there also entered a Swiss woman of the middle class, homely looking as they all are, but homely also in the favourable sense of the word, in friendliness and "*bonhomie*." I found that she was returning from Milan, where she had doubtless

been filling some place of trust, to her native Thusis, a small town on the other side of the Splügen, inhabited apparently, according to its suggestive appellation, by a race of Etruscan descent, like other towns in its neighbourhood. It was quite a quarter past twelve when at last the diligence set forth. The Splügen pass was soon entered after Chiavenna was left behind, and the broad low windows of the huge conveyance afforded ample room for the sight of the prospect outside, which, as the night was tolerably fine, though not moonlit, was clearly if darkly visible. The Swiss woman and the friar were evidently old acquaintances, and they kept up a low conversation which left me comfortably to my observations and my thoughts. No one of us seemed disposed for sleep, though I believe the Swiss woman tried from time to time to obtain it. I did not, but "tired nature's sweet restorer" did not leave me unvisited, and occasional dozes only made the prospect as it appeared in the intervals more grand and dream-like—monotonous, of course, for slow iteration is of the very essence of the sublime, as distinguished

from the melodious variety of beauty. I found what, indeed, I had discovered when crossing St. Gothard and the Simplon many years before, that the mountains are actually *crossed* by zig-zag paths, although, of course, not quite to their summits, and that the Pass of the Splugen is an expression (giving the idea as it does of threading narrow gorges or deep glens) applicable rather to the way before and after traversing the sides of the mighty giant. I know not whether the wilder but more open grandeur of the St. Gothard, or the closer and, therefore, darker gloom of the Splugen gives the impression of the greater majesty. As I crossed the Simplon slowly through the white snows of winter, *that* scene was of a wholly different character. If I remember rightly, the village of Splugen, (which is almost at the highest point of the mountain road) is passed before the white frontier stone appears inscribed *Italia*, where for the second time I bade farewell to Italy. That village we reached in the early morning, and after a short halt at the pleasant hospice, or rather modern-looking hotel, we soon set forth

again. The Capuchin alighted at a station a little farther on, and my Swiss companion and I proceeded alone. As she knew the country well, she was able to give me all necessary information. The Via Mala begins when the pass of the Splugen itself is ended. It is an awful gorge. The waters of its stream were almost dry at that season ; but the silence was quite as suitable an accompaniment to its horror as would have been the roar of the mountain-torrent. Towards its close we passed through what my informant called the "Buco Perduto," that "Trou-perdu" of the French, and "Verloren Loch" of the Germans, of which Ruskin speaks as giving the idea of being lost and imprisoned at the same time.

When we had issued from the Via Mala, we soon entered an open country, luxuriant and beautiful. Wide valleys amid verdant hills, or grander encircling mountains, with large villages or small towns, of Italian picturesqueness ; their buildings very different from the gloomy structures we had lately quitted, or which, rather, I had quitted at Casta-Segna. Here were

domed churches, sometimes with zinc roofs glittering in the sun, ruined castles of mediæval type crowning sudden precipices too distant to alarm, houses often touched with warm bright colour ; the whole bearing an impress of liveliness and well-being refreshing to the nerves long strained with gazing on scenes of awful and desolate grandeur. One of those bright towns, certainly more Italian than Swiss, was Thusis, and here I was left alone, as my companion descended to receive hearty and joyful greetings on her home-coming. The sun was now high and warm, and slightly raising my fare, I mounted to the top of the diligence, to enjoy both his rays and the fair prospect around. Passing many more bright villages, and watching the windings of a stream called the Hinter-Rhein, which, with another called the Vorder-Rhein, enters the Lake of Constance, the Rhine proper issuing from that lake swelled by the waters of both, I was borne along at the side of a spectacled German student, courteous, but very distant and reserved, who was most conscientiously *doing* the district with all its remark-

able features, to Coire—the German Chur—where the diligence was exchanged for the railway, which, in about an hour, began its swifter, and, to my mind, yet more poetic course, towards Zürich.

CHAPTER XXII.

ZURICH.

By the margin of fair Zurich's waters
It was pleasant to wander at eve ;
In all Earth's so various quarters
No sweeter can Fancy conceive.
So soothing it is in remembrance
To stray by the waters of Thought,
And see them reflecting in semblance
Brighter scenes than man's hand ever wrought.

THE road from Coire to Zürich is very beautiful. Ragatz is about half-way, lying, as does Coire, among the off-shoots of the Rhœtian Alps. By this time I was thoroughly exhausted ; but it was rather rest, than further exertion, to read on the way the pages of Jessie White Mario's deeply interesting *Vita di Garibaldi*, Vol. II., which I had procured at Verona. A young German-Swiss, who was in the same railway compartment, showed me much kind attention. Seeing my weariness, he looked

after me with that helpful courtesy which only a tired traveller can appreciate. We had to change carriages, where two routes to Zürich diverged, and he told me which was the right one, and took care that I made no mistake, informing me also of the name of every picturesque town and village which we passed ; these, as we neared Zürich, being situated on the border of the lake, so that long before the town of that name was reached I should have fancied the journey ended, but for his kind information. I thank him still, as I thank other friends met and made in former travels, with a gratitude that never cools.

Arrived at length, he led me to an hotel which he recommended, where I rested and dined, but which I afterwards quitted, as I found its luxuriousness beyond my means. Zürich was very full of tourists and others at this time, and I had some difficulty in finding accommodation ; but succeeded in obtaining it at last in the Bavarian Gast-Hof opposite the railway station, and overlooking the Sihl.

The next day, Saturday, I wandered about

the city, which is eminently picturesque, uniting elements of German quaintness with others of French brightness and elegance. The lake lay at the back of my hotel, but was not visible because of buildings interrupting the prospect. The Gast-Hof had a long, low salon, containing engravings representing scenes from the life of Mary Queen of Scots, who—as is Cromwell in some parts of Italy—is here the best known character of English history.

The town lies chiefly on the banks of the Limmat, a river which flows northward, while the Sihl runs in the opposite direction, and is almost parallel with the lake, a small portion of the town intervening between them. The Limmat, which is crossed by many bridges, contains what may be called swan-nurseries, and it was beautiful to watch the fair, broad-breasted birds, with their plumage of snow, sailing slowly along the swift current. For all these mountain streams are rapid and turbid; so different from our Thames, which has been so truly described as “calm without rage,” and as “gentle” though “not dull.” There is a

“rage” in the tide of these children of the lofty hills, and in their eddying rush one still hears the echo of the cataract. The sun was now powerful, it being the middle of July, and in the narrower passages—lying sometimes in the very midst of the broader streets, and containing shops filled with Alpine curiosities, or with rare and beautiful books, old and new—there was an agreeable shade from his too powerful beams. I discovered a pleasant public garden, lying back from one of these broader streets, conveniently fitted with seats for loungers. Here I rested, and read through “Camicia Rossa,” a graphic account by Herzen, the Russian-Jewish patriot, residing in England, of the visit of Garibaldi to London in 1864, and was delighted with the truthfulness of every detail, and with the insight afforded into the background of that bright, swift story, and into the secret causes of that hasty departure, which like the falling of a curtain of darkness, formed its too sudden close. The proceeds of the pamphlet, written in French, in spite of its Italian title, were to be applied partly to a monument to Garibaldi, and

partly to the aid of the persecuted Jews, fugitives from Russia. It vividly recalled that time, every point of which is fresh in my memory. I hope it has had a large sale, for it deserves it. In the evening, to my great pleasure, I met again my fellow-traveller of the day previous, and together we looked over the swiftly eddying waters of the Sihl.

"*Ils parlent*," he said, kindly speaking French, as I was more at home in that tongue than in German. Yes, they speak, as ever do the waves of the more swiftly rushing stream of Time, wherein we hear, however—"inland far we be," the voice of

"That Eternal Sea
Which brought us hither,"

and which will bear us hence.

Zwinggli, who, like (as has been remarked) some of the neighbouring towns of the country, is better known by his *Latinized* name of Zwinglius, is the chief historical character of Zürich, and is inseparably connected with the Gross Münster or Cathedral, a somewhat ugly building, which surmounts two long flights of steps, ascending from an open Platz near a

bridge over the Limmat, about the centre of the city. A statue of Charlemagne, in alto-relievo, lies between the two towers, looking, as dwarfed by distance, more like a crouching monster than that great monarch, as grand in mind and in character as in person. He is said to have founded it, and sits there, grasping the world and holding a sceptre, which, seen from that height, look the mere baubles which the preacher-king pronounced them.

To this Cathedral, where Zwinglius first preached on the 1st of January, 1519—thus beginning, as has been said, the Reformation in Switzerland, of which he was the Luther*—I made my way with hasty steps on the following day to the Sunday morning service. This is held at the very early hour of half-past eight, and as my hotel was situated at a considerable distance, I could not succeed, although I was stirring almost with the dawn, and started after a hurried breakfast, in reaching the building until ten minutes after time. Great was my dismay to find entrance impossible. Every

* See Note 2, before Appendix.

door was locked ; and passers-by, traversing the stone enclosure beneath, told me that I should run the risk of imprisonment by trying to gain admittance. I can only suppose that this un-Christian custom is a relic of the days when Protestant worshippers were liable to be attacked by hostile soldiery. Zwinglius made the great mistake of employing "carnal weapons" in that fight, wherein "the wrath of man" works never good ; and we know that he himself fell too early by the same. Finding that English persistency was useless in this case, I sat down on the topmost stone of the highest of those flights of many steps, and read in my German Testament, Romans xi., wherein occurs the verse, " Nunn Gott hat Alles beschlossen unter den uglauben auf dass Er sich Aller erbarme," which may be thus freely translated from Luther's own free translation, " God has *locked all up* in unbelief, that He might have mercy upon all." I thought how different are God's ways from man's. Man imprisons that he may *exclude* ; God that He may finally *include*. Man in suspicion ; God in love.

When the small congregation emerged, I entered ; there did not appear to my eye, perhaps prejudiced from annoyance and fatigue, much more beauty in the interior than in the exterior. I saw the pastor slowly wending away with placid brow, and long hoary locks ; and although I had thought of expostulating with him when he came out on the inhospitable customs of his sanctuary, yet I gave up the idea of so doing as I looked upon the placid calm of his reverend age. Doubtless he is not responsible, and I would not disturb the repose of his Sabbath, and apparently Sabbatic disposition, by, probably, unjust complaints. The closed cathedral, however, seemed to me too apt an illustration of the un-missionary spirit of Swiss Christianity. So speaking, I refer not to individuals. The sweet-spirited Christian philanthropist and physiognomist, Lavater, was a native of Zürich. There he lived his life of love ; preaching the Gospel, and daily endeavouring himself to follow in the "blessed steps" of his Master during the awful time of the French Revolution, and there he died in his sixtieth

year, in consequence of a hurt received when defending some of the Zürich poor from the drunken soldiery of Massena. And, doubtless, there are still, I say not *many* (for many such there are never and nowhere,) but some of like type in Zürich and other parts of Switzerland. Henri Dunant, the benevolent founder of the Red Cross Society, is a Swiss—of Geneva.

I was, after all these delays, in good time for our English Church service, which was held in a neat edifice a little farther on. Here, evidently, not an Englishman, but an English-speaking, German-Jewish Christian of the name of Heidenhem, officiated, and discoursed, in not over fluent language, but with refreshing earnestness of heart, in the morning on the words, "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all," and in the afternoon, when I again heard him, on the glorious assurance that "Many shall come from the east and from the west, and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, in the Kingdom of God." Previously to attending this second service, I entered a church at the back of the Cathedral, where

Protestant services in French and German are held on alternate Sundays. The worship on this Sunday was conducted in German, and I there saw another German baby christened, enwrapped in one of those white pillows, I suppose, of which I have since read so amusing a description. The questions asked of the sponsors were replied to by an inclination of the head, which gave to the ceremony an altogether too ceremonious aspect. The German hymns sung at the time and after were sweet and solemn.

It was a stormy night, and amid the gusts of wind, and the dashing of fierce rain against the window-panes, came the sharp whistle from the opposite station, like shrieks of spirits disturbed. And yet the morning rose calm and bright, and the fresh green of the trees bordering the Sihl shone and sparkled in the early sunshine. Soon after breakfast I went out hoping to visit the fine art-galleries of the city ; but all in vain was the long ascent thither through the unshaded heat, for some alterations were being made, and I could not enter. I therefore turned aside to the Polytechnic, an institution where classes of

instruction in natural science are constantly held, and where there is a fine collection of statues, chiefly copies of the glories of Florence and of Rome. There was the sad, *stern, sweet* face of Dante ; there the defiant grandeur of the Apollo Belvidere. Once more I descended to the level road, and it was then well-nigh time to prosecute my homeward journey. In the afternoon, therefore, I left for Basel.



CHAPTER XXIII.

BASEL.

Well did they call *him* “Houselamp,” who upraised
The Candle to illume Earth’s darkest hours
From Papal bushels that had covered it,
And set it to give light to all around.

ŒCOLAMPADIUS, whose statue fronts the cathedral, is the chief historical character of Basel, or Bâle. By that title he is best known, though his real name was Johan Hussgen, which surname his friends interpreted to mean Hausschein, or houselamp, and then turned into its Latin equivalent to designate the learned reformer. In the glow of a bright summer evening I reached Basel, and was charmed with it at once. It has neither the artistic loveliness of an Italian town, nor the variety and brightness of Zürich. But it has a warm, home-like solidity, and here the German character begins to reflect itself outwardly, wherein, through an almost commonplace exterior, refined and even romantic sentiment is suggested. Such, at least, seemed to me the expression of the old town, which I have since

learned has special privileges and liberties of its own whereof it is not a little proud, and which it retains to itself by means of a somewhat jealous exclusiveness. I went to the Hôtel Lorenz, fronting the terminus at which I arrived from Zürich ; opposite, stretching almost out of sight beyond the station, nearly to the end of the long street, were pleasant public gardens, and at their termination, one of the celebrated fountains of Basel, towering upwards like a white obelisk, not of cold stone, but of ever-changing waters, rainbow-tinted in the light, but singing equally in gleam or gloom. I spent only one whole day in the interesting city. The cathedral, of course, first attracted my steps. It is a fine Gothic building of red stone. The famous Council of Basel, which decreed the deposition of the Pope, was held there during part of its sitting ; it afterwards adjourned to a hall near by. Very much more beautiful I thought it than the high-raised Gross Münster of Zürich, which appears all the more ugly from its prominence. As has been said, the statue of Oecolampadius fronts the door. This reformer, the coadjutor of

Zwinglius, was born at Weinsburg, in Wurtemburg, but it was at Basel that most of his work was accomplished. There, after a short but stern conflict, he unchained the Bible, and introduced evangelical truth. He was a man not perhaps of the fiery zeal of Zwinglius, but of a broader and more genial spirit. He did not long enjoy the triumph of reformation principles in Basel, but died at the comparatively early age of forty-nine (seemingly, in part of grief at the death, on the field of Cappel,* of Zwinglius, to whom he was greatly attached), on the 24th of November, 1532.

The road from the Cathedral leads down a descent to the banks of the Rhine, and there you look over to a small district, called Lesser Basel. I wandered a little in this part by the swift historic stream, and then back through streets of shops of somewhat English appearance ; in another broad unshaded street I saw the Jewish synagogue, to my eye resembling the building crowning Mount Moriah, as pictures reveal it, and reached my Hotel not a little fatigued.

* Or "Keppel," as Ruskin writes it.

Basel, also, has its memories of Lavater, for here he was for a time imprisoned, doubtless for some good cause, in those revolutionary times. I would fain have lingered on, for I was in love with the old place, which, for all its unpretendingness, is full of beauty. The Teutonic element prevails over the Gallic, although it is called Bâle as frequently, or more so, than Basel. But it is altogether German and not French, or so it appeared to me. On the next day I pursued my journey, or rather, for the first time deflected, as I wished to visit a friend at Stuttgart, and for this purpose took the train from another terminus, at six p.m., for Carlsruhe, viâ Brüchsal. It was near midnight when the slow train wended "its weary way" from Carlsruhe, reaching Stuttgart at the unearthly hour of four a.m. Very weary was I then, and further tried by the discovery that I had left my travelling bag at the Carlsruhe station. This entailed the trouble and anxiety of telegraphing, happily, as it proved, successfully. I was now in Germany, and no longer in German Switzerland ; but in the broad realm of William the Victorious.

CHAPTER XXIV.

STUTTGART.

Great German family ! Unconquered race !
Giant grotesque yet beautiful of face !
Heavy, and seeming dull to hasty mood :
Full of all poetry when understood.

E.S.G.S.

THE friend whom I sought lived in the Hasenburg Strasse, which I found to be quite on the outskirts of Stuttgart, and reached by a long hilly walk from the station. The visit was ineffectual, as he was at that time in Switzerland ; but I did not grudge the expedition, which took me across a large part of the town. I have since regretted not seeing the Cathedral, but respecting that I was at the time foolishly ignorant. Perhaps it was the large church which I noticed on my right hand as I began my walk. Re-descending from the Hasenburg Strasse, which is quite on an eminence, I passed along the König Strasse, a very gallery of beauty, every shop a shrine of artistic treasures. Marvels of exquisite printing, first-rate engravings of the

best paintings of ancient and modern times attract the attention. I stood for a while in contemplation of Munckasky's celebrated picture, "Christ before Pilate," which I cannot say I liked. But the unrivalled portrait-photographs of Germany, equalled or surpassed all else in beauty, and the glorious face of Schiller, in its mingled pride and noble sweetness, I could not pass without purchasing, in a covered passage close to the Station, resembling our Burlington Arcade. Although there was much that would have rendered a sojourn in this city delightful, yet "On, on," said the inward monitor, and having recovered the missing bag, I proceeded about mid-day towards Mannheim, for Mayence. The road now skirted the Black Forest, and was picturesque with a charm all its own. At Heidelberg, the train halted; not, however, long enough to allow of a visit to the Castle, which I craved; having to be satisfied with a fine view thereof, from a turning just outside the terminus, whence I gazed on the ruddy walls of the grand old pile amid the trees on the hillside. I had fancied that the structure was of *white* stone, and

was, therefore, astonished at its hue, which, like that of so many buildings in Germany, is comforting in its warmth of colour in the colder atmosphere, so different from the soft Italian air. It was nearing sunset when Mannheim was attained, and a rich glow bathed the bright flowers of the grassy enclosure near the station, and the quiet streets leading to the Post-office, to which I walked, thinking that a letter perhaps awaited me. Thence, I passed into extensive gardens near the river, and over an iron bridge crossing it. The Rhine looked gray and turbid, of swifter current, but here resembling our Thames, at Kew on one side, and at Hungerford on the other, where there was much shipping, and many chimneys telling of manufacturing toil. It seemed, as I walked back to the station, a dreamy, old-fashioned town, the chief stir being by the river-side. At nine p.m., I again entered the train for Maintz, or Mayence, which was reached at a late hour, so that I was unable to explore the birth-place of printing, whence at midnight I was borne on, to halt at five a.m. at Cologne, or Köln, as it is designated by the

Germans, to whom it entirely belongs; I mean not alone by the fortune of war, but by its whole character. The cathedral rose in its exquisite beauty just behind the station. I longed to visit it; but it was too early, and neither time nor strength allowed, for I was *very* tired. Antwerp was now my destination, for my return passage homeward. The smallness of my means necessitated my travelling third-class, and this lengthened the way in time and perhaps in distance, for although the train started from Cologne at seven a.m., it did not enter Antwerp until five p.m. on the same day, July 21st. I noticed the officials smile as I received my ticket, for they knew I should seem to be crawling along at a snail's pace. A slow country too, wherein the interest began to be almost exclusively historical; for I had soon entered Belgium, the battle-field of Europe. I remember passing Liège, and remaining for refreshment at Louvain, and at length, in the early evening, I alighted at Antwerp, feeling that my long adventurous journey, with its varied sights and experiences was well-nigh over.

CHAPTER XXV.

ANTWERP.

A border-land between contending realms.
Can it surprise us that its history
Is writ in letters of a crimson hue?
And what is man's strange being as it lies
Between God's kingdom and His enemy's,
But just the border-land 'twixt hell and heaven,
And therefore found Creation's battle-field?

E.S.G.S.

ARRIVED at length at the quaint old town which bears the name, according to the tongue spoken, of Antwerp, Antwerpen, Anvers, or Anversa, I went first, as usual, to the Post Office, a large building, busy and untidy within, little noticeable without, on the Place Verte. I found that it was necessary to telegraph, and for this I was sent to the Bourse or Exchange. This latter is a splendid structure. The central hall is of Moorish architecture, recalling the times of Spanish ascendancy. Of these you are reminded at every step, especially in the cathe-

dral, where, amid the Gothic towers, shines the small dome, gleaming like silver. At the Bourse I was recommended to a reasonable hôtel, that "De la Fleur d'Or," kept by Mde. Collin, Veuve, in the Rue des Moines, close to the Place Verte, and, therefore, conveniently situated. It commanded from one quarter a fine view of the cathedral, with which, at first, I was somewhat disappointed, but which I grew to admire, as it rose quaint and bizarre, incrusted with many memories, and grand with its shadowy pinnacles, numerous as the leaves on some tall forest tree. The Carillon, chiming a few bars of some empty French air, wholly unworthy of its office, marked the quarters of every hour. The interior is dark and gloomy, as with most fanes of Romanism, which literally, as well as symbolically, hates the light. The paintings of Rubens and Vandyke are too well-known to need description, but I think, probably, not many travellers see the fine St. Christopher, by the former, painted on the reverse of the "Deposition of the Cross," and, therefore, folded against the wall. Rubens, it is said, had been asked to paint a picture of this Saint;

but, after finishing the "Deposition" he told his patrons that he "had given them *many* St. Christophers" (Christopher meaning *bearing or carrying Christ*) ; they, however, insisting on a more literal fulfilment of their order, the fine painting on the reverse of the picture better known, was the result. It is more satisfactory, not lying, as does the other, in a region altogether beyond human art. If my experience is shared by others, you have to be some time in Antwerp before you appreciate the city. At first, it appears common-place ; not imaginatively beautiful like Italy, nor mystically suggestive like Germany. But wait awhile ; note how the French brightness of the streets and faces is *toned* down, read the tale of the stormy centuries, and think how along her ways swarmed the savage soldiery in the days of the "Spanish fury," a revolution half political, half religious, when the people strove and writhed to free themselves from the yoke of Philip II. and his agent Alva, and you will feel, I think, that Antwerp also has voices for you, voices able to drown the petty moanings of private care. Here,

indeed, as everywhere in the north, human interests preponderate. Nature no longer attracts the eye from man ; the poem, not the scenery, is felt to be everything in the drama of human life.

The paintings in the Art-gallery are also well and universally known. I was disappointed not to see there any by Ary Scheffer, my favourite Belgian artist, whose spirituality and tenderness make him akin to the Swiss genre painters Gleyre and Ingres, whom I had not seen on their own soil, the gallery at Zürich being closed, and Basel not possessing one, so far as I was told ; though there must, I think, be one in that fine city. I became, after a short time, alive to the quaint picturesqueness of the Flemish capital, of which one of the most striking features is the form of the roofs, in many instances with indentations gradually diminishing, and therefore, narrowing towards the top. The "Hotel de la Fleur d'Or" was not luxurious, but it was tolerably comfortable. The waiter was an intelligent man, an Italian of the island of Corsica, and it somewhat broke the severance

from Italy to be able to converse with him in that poetry of speech. He told me that Columbus had been found to have had, not Genoa but Corsica for his birthplace. This may be, but if so it is strange that the discovery should have been made so late.

Having to prolong my stay in Antwerp for nearly a week, I read much—among other things, the histories (or parts thereof) of the Ancienne and Nouvelle Héloise, the latter, of course, as given by J. J. Rousseau. Poor stuff! When sentiment is not moral it is not true—for it cannot be eternal.

The second day after my arrival was Sunday, and I went to the English church, where the service was well attended, and the preaching good and earnest. Antwerp vies with Paris in Sabbath desecration ; it is much greater there than in Zürich, or, I should think, any part of Switzerland. For, although Tyndale printed here a portion at least of his New Testament in English, and although bales of that priceless treasure were hence shipped for England, and thus she bore no small part in the blessed work

of the Reformation, yet in Antwerp itself Romanism triumphed, with the result, here as everywhere, of bigotry and superstition in the women, and of too prevalent infidelity in the men. The story of the shipment of the Testaments to England, which I have read since my return, is most interesting. They were first received by William Garratt, and stored in his house in Honey-lane, Cheapside. He was, as need scarcely be said, persecuted and imprisoned by Henry VIII. for his Protestant principles ; and was finally martyred at Smithfield.

I attended the service of the Flemish Protestants on the Sunday afternoon. It is held in a remote part of the town, in a not beautiful edifice. The singing was sweet and solemn, and lugubrious as usual.

The day before leaving, I visited the Zoölogical Gardens, which are one of the glories of Antwerp. They are beautifully laid out, and the collection of animals is large and varied. Jumbo was to the front in England at this time, and a Belgian gentlemen, who was feeding the solitary elephant on the grounds, spoke of him,

and finding that I was English, claimed acquaintance with the noble monster. But on the day of my departure I saw the spectacle which contained *the* meaning of Belgium for an English heart, viz., a panorama of the battle of Waterloo. It was finely depicted, all except the figures and horses being made of real material: "Horrible," "as at the best it is," was the scene of carnage. But *that* among all battles, was surely the "Battle of the Lord," arresting His scourge, and bidding the nations live whom he had hasted as the eagle to destroy.

At length, on a bright afternoon, Thursday, the 27th of July, I left in the *Claud Hamilton* for the English shores, again returning along the path of the Saxon and the Viking. It was calm, but rather cold for the season. Just at the mouth of the Scheldt, we saw on a low island a large flock of seals, disporting themselves fearlessly. The numerous sand-banks in that part make steering so difficult and dangerous, that perhaps vessels do not approach near enough to bring them within shot-range of the hunter's gun.

Harwich was reached the next morning about five: and I hope it was in no spirit of empty sentimentalism, but in one of profound gratitude to Him "Who had led me safe through all," that, when I landed, I knelt and kissed the soil of Old England.

* NOTE 1.—None of this generation will forget the awful account of the earthquake which destroyed Casamicciola, Ischia, on the 28th of July, 1883, little more than a year after I had contrasted its ghostly calm, in the waters beneath the Salto di Tiberio, with the frowning brow and lurid eye of Vesuvius in the distance.

There is a surging sea 'neath human things
Often long silent. Then all suddenly
How thin a crust above the waves is laid
Man finds with wonder : by experience learns
That Earth is "founded" on the stormy "seas"—
"Established on the floods"—aye—floods of fire.
The peaceful home, the calm unchanging days
Which human praise makes rich with fruitfulness,
And bright with flowers various through its light,
While the fair landscape sleeps its sleep of peace—
Do the fierce billows 'neath *such* surface flow ?
Ah ! Yes ! the dreamy thrill of minds absorbed
By music's melancholy mood is turned
In one brief moment to reality :
And on the very spot where she reposed
'Mid innocent delights bestowed by Heaven,
The Soul lies crushed by Sorrow's mountain-heights :
Or, dragged from out the wreck but half alive,
Stands homeless, desolate, aghast, alone !



Then is there Sin in gladness? or doth Joy
Make our God jealous as the heathen deemed?
Away with the vain thought! All real life
Lives in Himself, and cannot be destroyed.
The Rock of Ages is invulnerable.
It was because the fruitful Mountain-isle
Itself gave way—sinking as if from age—
That thus the tenements upon it fell.
Were then Our Rock as theirs, where were our Hope?
“Without Him” we were nothing: not alone
We could *do* nothing; we should cease to *be*.
We could not love, for Love itself would die,
Or live but for an hour dyingly.

* * * * *

But the great human tree is “full of sap,”
Having its Root in Him Who is “The Man.”
Behold Him! For He is the Living One,
“Who is, and was, and shall for ever be”
As God: now also in humanity.

* * * * *

What shall we say then? Ah! 'tis not alone
The sunny isle by Naples that is thus
Shattered and torn by subterranean fires.
All Earth is but an Ischia in the seas—
Her whole life visible is sinking down,
Slowly, it may be—sometimes suddenly—
In the great waves of fiery-hearted Time.
And as it sinks, it wrecks our palaces—
Well if *we* stand erect amid the waste.

* * * * *

And shall we ever build and build again
What must again but fall? 'Twere natural
Had we no other home, no other hope.
I should not care, I say I *should not care*
For but a bright wide Heaven, where I should meet
No dear face well-remembered, no old ties
Preserved and sanctified and glorified.
"Things not seen are Eternal." I believe
The many earthquakes I have known and felt
Have left unshattered all things truly mine,
All that is spiritual, eternal, real.
I have a kingdom that *cannot* be moved,
And so have all "in Christ:" Whose Hand of Power
Invisibly removes our precious things,
If where they could be shaken, to the clefts
Of the calm Rock Himself. Zion's high towers
Are founded *there*, and, therefore, cannot fall.

{ It may perchance be that the less we *see*
Of that we know our own, more surely we
May judge it nursling of Eternity.
This may suffice us:—Only things of Earth
Can be Earth-swallowed. Lay we treasure up
(By Faith, and by Love strengthened by *His Love*),
Within the City whose foundations strong
Have no dull, awful tide rolling beneath—
Where there is "no more Sea"—No Woe—no Death.

E. S. G. S.

August 15, 1883.

* NOTE 2.—On the 10th of November, 1883—as will not be forgotten, the 400th anniversary of Luther's birth was widely, lovingly, and thankfully celebrated; especially in Germany, England, and America.

When Night grows Midnight lift thine eyes on high!
Then hope when trouble reaches agony.
The Helper helps but those who have no power,
And makes “the fulness” of Man's need *His* hour.

Dark and yet ever darker is the page
Which chronicles the story of the age.
Well is it that in Heaven alone is read
That which elsewhere would strike the reader dead.

It was a time like this when came to Earth
He of whom now we celebrate the birth.
The noble, generous, human-hearted man,
Who showed what, with his God, one witness can;

And that one “of like passions” as we are,
Who knew how he was from perfection far.
Yet “just by faith,” strong through the Spirit's force,
Let neither men nor devils bar his course.

The grandest vessel made of Gothic clay,
Tempered in hottest furnace. Taught to pray
Prayers to which came no answer to his ear,
That he might know the Unseen and Silent near.

Left to meet all alone Hell's fiercest powers,
Yet loving music, children, birds, and flowers.
Though stern yet gentle; and though rugged, oft
Almost a woman in compassion soft.

A German David of a rougher mould ;
Although with voice less sweet, with soul as bold ;
Who by his harpings from his *own* great heart
Bade, in God's Name, the Evil One depart.

* * * * *

Our England feels her need of such as he,
And therefore honours thus his memory.
LORD, send a Luther in this evil day,
And make us all like him— trust, hope, love, *pray*.

Roll back the tide of error by Thine Hand !
Make Luther *now* a blessing to our land.
By the same Truth which freed him, set her free !
And we will magnify, not *him*, but *Thee*.

E. S. G. S

For November 10th, 1883.

APPENDIX.



CHAPTER XXVI.

GARIBALDI.

Thy blood is fragrant still
Upon the Bitter Hill,
Seeing by that blood one country saved and stained,
Less loved thee crowned than chained.

Swinburne's Song of Italy.

We blessed thee in hours of gladness ;

But higher is the strain,

Blessing in hours of sadness

Those words that Day of Pain :

“ Fire not ! I can but perish !
If they *will* have me die,
Some other hearts will cherish
The cause of Italy.”

Yes—Earth’s dark road is brightened

By such brave souls and true ;

And our daily load was lightened
When thou didst bear it too.

E. S. G. S.

NEVER was man beloved and honoured, never was man misunderstood and slandered, as was Giuseppe Garibaldi. It has ever been so, though rarely, perhaps, so markedly, before and since the time when the impetuous Greeks, of Lystra, were "scarcely restrained" from worshipping those, one, at least, of whom they shortly afterwards stoned well nigh to death; and when the same Paul, before his apotheosis by the "barbarous people," found himself judged by them to be the worst of criminals. Men, especially under emotional excitement of wonder at exceptional characters, are ready to pass from adoration to a condemnation equally fervid, and much more probably unjust. Sometimes, however, as was the case with Garibaldi, the multitude are divided, and while some accord rapturous affection, others inflict unmerited reproach. And when this is so, it sometimes occurs that the severest blows to character, the most injurious slanders, come not from enemies, but from friends, not from those who hate, but from those who love, albeit with a love shallow and unwise—"after their kind." Thus, empha-

tically, was it with this surely greatest public character of the nineteenth century. By no means is it meant that all who loved him, loved him thus unwisely ; the reference is only to a very small minority. It was, I believe, Alexandre Dumas who first gave wide currency to that most cruel slander which Giuseppe Guerzoni contradicts, but it seems to me with scarcely sufficient earnestness and warmth, limiting himself to the clear enunciation of the fact (and for *this* we thank him with no coldness on *our* part), viz., that Añita, the devoted woman, who proved that the days of female, as of manly heroism, are not over, was by him torn from a *husband*. We, who have loved Garibaldi, have ever felt that this *could* not be true. 'No,' we said within ourselves, 'this cannot be. He, the stainless knight, the defender of woman's honour, the friend everywhere of the weak and helpless, the chivalrous, the fatherly Garibaldi, was never the perpetrator of such a deed.' But having no proofs to the contrary, what could we do but *inwardly* reject the slander, and trust to time for its contradiction ? Añita was taken from

her *father*, who was about to give her in marriage to one whom she did not love. We would not excuse this act. With a little delay and patience, doubtless the father would have given his child with his blessing to a man further knowledge of whom would have shown to be not unworthy of her. Had he *then* sought to force her inclinations tyrannically, she might have been brought to the sad necessity of a choice, and might, not unlawfully, have "forsaken her father" to "cleave unto her husband." Deeply did Garibaldi mourn his conduct in this matter at the time of her death, as he tells us himself in his auto-biographical "*Frammenti*." But with all this fully admitted, this sort of Gretna-Green elopement was a very different thing from that greatest of crimes, where-with careless French melodrama charged him while among us, and wherewith it might, but for Guerzoni (to whom, again, all honour and warmest thanks, although he appears to dislike England and the English almost as much as Garibaldi loved them), have stained his memory : a crime which would have branded with sin a union to which our century scarcely, perhaps, offers a parallel.

And then with respect to his religious belief. Who dares, because he ever denounced with well-merited severity that Romanism which had turned the fairest of lands into a moral wilderness, and made of Rome, who had been the mother of nations, their tyrant and their dread, say that he was not a Christian?

In a recent publication,* are the following words (page 134): "Garibaldi has not left any record of his belief in Christianity." (We shall, ere long, find this disproved, and in the very same volume.) "And this absence of the one thing needful has grieved many who took a deep interest in his life's work. We cannot doubt but what that work would have been far more useful had his heart been consecrated to his Master's service."

I believe that it *was*, and that he considered he was serving God when he was serving humanity; not altogether an unscriptural idea, seeing we are told that "Love is the fulfilling of the law," since the "whole law," in its human aspect, is

* "Italy's Liberation, the Story of Garibaldi's Life," by Frederic T. Gammon. S. Partridge and Co.

fulfilled in one word, even in *this*, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself ;" and in its Divine aspect, in the other and grander word, " Thou shalt love the LORD thy God with thy whole being." I believe Garibaldi passionately loved his God, and that this it was which kept alive his love to man, when, otherwise, in the dark days of coldness and apparent treachery on the part of those most trusted, it, or, at least, its outward expression, must have failed. Did ever any public character give an example so resembling (though, of course, at an infinite distance) the one perfect example, as did Garibaldi, of obedience to the commands, " Love your enemies ; do good to them that hate you," and of a love, which again, of course, fell infinitely short of the perfect Love of Jesus, but yet, in its little measure, " bore all things, believed all things, hoped all things, endured all things," and " never failed "? Garibaldi might have said, and with reason, " Show me thy love *without* thy works, and I will show thee my love *by* my works."

The same book, "Italy's Liberator," has an earlier passage (page 108), in which an American

gentleman speaks thus of a conversation held with Garibaldi. "To my surprise, I found my thoughts turned in part from the fields of battle, the siege of Rome, and the sortie of San Marino to the principles of the Italian revolution, and the true doctrines of Christianity, perverted by the enemies of Italian liberty. The cruelties of Popery, its degrading tendencies, its duplicity, hypocrisy, idolatry, and atrocities; its history desperate condition, and inevitable ruin, were treated by him in rapid succession, with the clearness of a theologian and a statesman combined, and in language which united, in a peculiar degree, propriety, beauty, and force."

I do not consider this citation consistent with the before-quoted statement of the writer of "*Italy's Liberator*."

Some extracts from other sources are, I think, valuable on this most important point. The chief will be from, I think, a not unknown work, "*Garibaldi and Italian Unity*," by Lieut.-Col. Chambers; the other from Garibaldi's own "*Rule of the Monk*."

"Garibaldi sent for Gavazzi, who had been his

chaplain at Rome, and said to him, ‘ Go preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ, *and proclaim Salvation to the people through the merits of our Redeemer alone.*’ ”*

“ The first religious ceremony in Sicily that Garibaldi attended was to return thanks to the God of Battles for his first victory. Preparations had been made to receive him in the church, and cushions placed for him to kneel upon, but, with that deep humility which forms so striking a trait in his character, the victorious general knelt on the outer step of the church, before the eyes of his assembled army and an enormous crowd, composed of all ranks of the people. The officiating priest might almost be pardoned, for saying to the assembled multitude, ‘ Let all behold how the victor humbleth himself before Him who alone giveth victory.’ ” †

“ The English residents at Naples, knowing well the religious feeling of Garibaldi, requested him to permit them to purchase land

* “ Garibaldi and Italian Unity,” page 66.

† Ibid, page 66.

on which to build an English church. ‘Nay’ he answered the deputation, with one of his own smiles, ‘I must refuse your request, and in my turn, proffer one, which is, that you should select the plot of land you think the most suitable for your church, and accept so small a mark of sympathy from the government of the Sicilies.’”*

“At Palermo, Garibaldi delivered the following address to nearly 100,000 people. ‘My dear friends, I am deeply gratified by your enthusiasm and all your love for me. I owe you in return the most perfect openness and truth. My friends, I do not belong to the church of the Pope, and I even desire to cleanse the Eternal City from the clerical abominations, accumulated during a thousand years of temporal sovereignty, and iniquitous misgovernment. I am, however, a member of that Catholic Church, the doctrines of which Christ our Saviour came on Earth to preach, and I implore you to distinguish between the true servants of Christ and the servants of the Devil. . . . No one will ever deceive you who brings the Word of God open in his hand.

* “Garibaldi and Italian Unity,” page 114.

What I want you fully to understand is that *Christ came to redeem mankind, and His atonement is full and sufficient for those who believe the everlasting truths of the Gospel.* . . . Freedom goes hand in hand with the Gospel. . . . The great evil is the Pope, and I warn you again to distinguish the true priests from the false, between the priests who are ministers of God and the priests who are the ministers of the Devil." *

These words occur in an address of Garibaldi before 20,000 people in Padua :—" It is in vain that my enemies try to make me out an atheist. I believe in God. I am of the religion of Christ, not of the religion of the Popes." †

One of my most precious possessions is a note to me written by his own hand, the last I received from him (for I have others, one containing valued words of thanks for my former little book, "Italy and her Capital"; but this last, as being the last, is most highly prized).

* "Garibaldi and Italian Unity," pages 202, 203.

† "The Rule of the Monk," by Giuseppe Garibaldi, Bound edition in 2 vols., vol. ii, page 91.

Caprera, 24 Febbrajo, 1878.

**'Cara e Gentilissima Signora,
Grazie per la preziosa vostra lettera, e
per il libretto Sempre vostro,
G. Garibaldi.'**

Alla Signora

Emilia S. G. Saunders.

Which rendered into English is :—

"Dear and honoured lady,

Thank you for your precious letter, and
for the little book. Ever yours,
G. Garibaldi."

The little book was Miss Hankey's beautiful poem "Tell me the Old, Old Story," or another little book, as clearly Evangelical, "When to trust Jesus." Had his own sentiments been contrary he was too truthful not to have expressed them. It will not much surprise *me* to hear one day from the only lips whose judgment on such a subject is of any real value, the words addressed to *him* which were once spoken to another Italian soldier, "I have not found so great faith ; no, not in the Israel of the professing church." He Who above knows, now, as of old, "what is in man," only knows how to estimate all circumstances outward and inward, all advan-

tages and all hindrances, and I think *His* voice would condemn the too hasty censure of some of His disciples of the present day, and would say of such as Garibaldi, "He that is not against us is for us."

Nevertheless, it was ever Garibaldi's, not only as a Christian but also as a patriot, to speak rather by act and suffering than by word. And *such* speech was the more effectual, certainly, at least, in the latter direction. Those who would have found it impossible to imitate him, blamed him for rashness, obstinacy, sometimes rebellion, —but unjustly. He knew what he did. Had he not continued to "agitate, agitate," backing his words by deeds, and had the other who, though he differed from him in many ways, is alone worthy to be compared with him for absorbing patriotism and steadfastness of aim, Giuseppe Mazzini, not continued to guide the mind of Young Italy (and Old Italy too), and to fan the flame upon his country's altar, would Rome ever have been delivered from the chains of ages, and set, at any rate, politically free? I think we may safely say—never.

It must have cheered the closing years of both to see—the one for nearly two years, the other for nearly twelve, Rome, the “Roma-Amor” of each heart, the capital of Italy *de facto* as she had ever been *de jure*.

Yet after the wound of Aspromonte, which the love not only of his own people but it may be said of his *race* must have gone far to heal, many other wounds more hidden, and therefore less easily soothed, embittered the latter days of Garibaldi. There were the circumstances which need not be touched upon (for they cannot be altogether understood and appreciated,) which induced him, for the sake of others, to accept that pension from Government which he would far rather have continued to refuse. It may be that pressure was exercised over him to this end, and that this was the reason of the somewhat mysterious inscription upon his will, “Overcome evil with good.” There was the bearing with the feints and tactics of diplomacy, when, again for the sake of others, and especially of his country, he took his seat in her parliament, and tried, but in vain, to speak with politicians

in their own tongue. Like David of old, whose character he so much and in so many ways resembled, he found it hard to contend with men resembling the cruel sons of Zeruiah, the hard, insensitive, remorseless Joab, the fierce Abishai,—with lying Doegs, with crafty Ahitophels. As has ever been with poets in mind and heart such as he, it was not that his proposed measures were not useful, his own intellect not sagacious, his own conclusions not just and practical. True, he could not understand the slow and timid policy which stops at difficulties and succumbs to them. He himself would storm them all; ignoring them in his onward march of certain triumph, as he did in all his conflicts, until, at length, even *he* found that he *could* not all he *would*, and that "the battle is not" always "to" one so "strong," because so full of faith and courage, as Giuseppe Garibaldi.

His efforts in the cause of education, especially in the province of Sardinia, to which Caprera is considered to belong, were earnest and untiring. During the time of his authority in Naples and Sicily, he founded there institutions of lasting

usefulness. "Raise no monument to me," he is recorded to have said, "while one uneducated child remains in Italy." Remember this, Italians. And if you love him, imitate him. If you honour his memory, do as he would tell you. Above all, for alas! this is a point requiring to be enforced, let the thoughtless cruelty to animals which so defaces your streets and degrades your name, cease altogether and for ever, for the sake of him whose animals were dear to him as children, and who never allowed stick or whip to be used in Caprera to those so-named lower creatures, who returned to him, as they ever do, "love without recall."

Garibaldi never forgot. His memory was a phonograph, on which nothing was effaced (unless it were that, with incomparable generosity, he forgot the *Anniversary of Aspromonte*); and this was doubtless the explanation of his expedition to France in 1871, the only one, perhaps, of all his wars not wholly unselfish. He thought, if victorious, to claim the restoration to Italy of his Nizza, and so to rescue his Mother city with the last stroke of his soldier-sword.

He *was* victorious, for with the exception of the first shallow triumphs of the French army, the many successful engagements of the army of the Vosges were the only "honours" on the French side in the Franco-German war—and he received—scarcely thanks.

On the 2nd of June this year, the first anniversary of his death, Mr. Gladstone, in his speech on the occasion of the insertion of the memorial-tablet in Stafford House, in commemoration of his visit there in 1864, spoke of Garibaldi as one of a triumvirate of great men, the other two being Count Cavour and Victor Emmanuel. Surely the latter two, though each was in his way worthy of Italy's best thanks, are of more ordinary type than he, who uniting undaunted bravery with a woman's tenderness, and the quick sensitiveness of genius, with an endurance also characteristic of genius in its highest forms, hated war, and yet fought, as none had fought before him, for the sake of peace, and who submitted himself to the stern despotism of unjust reproach for the sake of freedom, he—the David of Italy, the—

Man of war
With a soul of love.

If any other be worthy to stand by him in Italy's heart, it is the other Joseph of his country, who, whatever may have been his errors as to the mode of accomplishing his grand purposes, gave himself as a life-long sacrifice for her Unity and for her honour.

Giuseppe Garibaldi, we will not bid thee farewell ! though, in truth—

This dark earth is darker
Since thou art here no more ;
Yet assuredly thou livest still
“Where they that loved art blest”
.....
“Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the Light.”

We will think of thee *there*, and in our own hours of despondency, or of agony through the malice of enemies, or the crueler coldness of friends—hours which come not seldom to all who would help their fellows whether in public or private—we will remember thee, and learn from thine example that as “it is more blessed to give than to receive,” so also is it nobler to forgive than to revenge—and that greater, than through

vanity, or impatience, or despair, to be "overcome of evil" is it to "overcome evil with good," and to "endure unto the end," and so for others and for posterity, if not on the small stage of personal earthly experience, to stand conqueror in life's battle at the last.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CONCLUSION.

ROME AND ENGLAND.

O that to Cæsar's household light may come !
May many there be found for Jesus bold !
Then shall the Gospel be in glorious Rome
“ God's Power unto Salvation ” as of old.
So when, at length, the Arm Divine shall slay
The lie accursèd, never to revive ;
With hopeful faith as I have prayed—I pray,
Rome and the Romans may not die but live.

E. S. G. S.

The great Mother,
Who seeming to sleep
For all ages to be,
Was the Priest's,
Is mankind's,
Was a slave
And *is* free.

Lewis Morris.

Free ? —yes—but how, and how far ?

ROME is free politically, in the sense that the
intellectual life of the nation now runs freely

through her, the tide of the present flowing through her old-world arches, so that she is no longer left behind in the march of modern progress. A free Press, free speech, and, in a measure, free thought, have taken the place of the days when the address of every stranger was taken down by the spies of Government, who followed up this step by a secret and inquisitorial espionage, and there might be sudden and unexplained dismissal, as by some invisible power. Those, who, like myself and so many others, knew Rome in her old days, and now know her in her new, must find in her the most impressive of all examples of outward improvement, especially in the directions of comfort and cleanliness, in the whole civilized world. But has the inner improvement corresponded with the outer, or has she only "made clean the outside of the cup and of the platter"? Alas! Would that the answer to this question could be different! But it is much to be feared that the old evil system of lies of which the Pope is the head is stronger than ever, having grown in secret power since the kind-hearted though weak Pio Nono,

obstinate but humane, has been replaced by one for whom it may be that Serpe or Rinaldo would be a more appropriate name than Leone. And as Rome is still the head-quarters of that fatal system, she still holds the *minds* of men in captivity, though there may be more political and social liberty within her bounds. O that the days might return when she would take the initiative in the line of *true* Christianity! She did so of old ; shall she never again? It was a Roman Centurion who (with the woman of Canaan) gave the grandest example of faith recorded in the Gospels ; it was another who, after the crucifixion, first acknowledged the Divinity of the World's Redeemer. And it was a third Roman Centurion to whom the door of faith, other than that of a Jewish proselyte, was first publicly opened among the Gentiles, so that from that hour the jealous barriers fell.

Roman Law pronounced "without fault," the Sinless One, Who suffered for man's sin. Rome furnished the first confessors unto death to the cause of Christ, before error becoming triumphant turned the City of the Martyrs into the slayer

of the saints. From Rome undoubtedly came to our Saxon forefathers the story of the Cross, with many incipient errors, doubtless, many growing superstitions, but still the truth in substance; wherefore the Angles to whom Augustine and his fellows came, rather as *angels* themselves than as *preachers to angels*, have reason for gratitude to Gregory, (not Pope, but Bishop of Rome, for the Papacy had not then arisen, though, alas, the anti-Christian errors leading thereto were ripening), the Gregory rightly surnamed the Great, and to Rome, whence came the ambassage of peace. The Celtic Britons, truly, had long before heard the wondrous tale from their kindred Gauls, but they had languidly accepted it, and, at the time of Augustine's journey, seem to have had little or no missionary zeal towards the Saxons, even had the relative circumstances of the two races, permitted its manifestation ; and, moreover, although they appear not then to have fallen into Celtic ceremonialism yet they had perverted the *doctrines* of the faith by Pelagianism, thus introducing evils greater still.

England, therefore, owes a debt to Rome. Next to the debt which she owes, in common with all Christians, to Israel, the chosen custodians of God's truth from the beginning, the people of prophets, apostles, evangelists ; above all, the race whence came our Saviour in His Humanity : next to that greatest of all obligations, we of England owe gratitude to Rome. Let us, to our utmost, discharge it. And how shall we do so ? Not by yielding to the insidious snares either of Rome's awful apostacy or of her hideous worldliness (so that the mass of English visitors to Rome divide their influence between crowding to her idolatrous services and joining her in desecrating the Lord's Day, to which in their own land, they pay, at least, outward reverence) ; not by opening the flood-gates to the dark streams of her teaching in our universities and in our homes ; not, above all, by showing to her, even in Rome itself, what *we* call our Protestant Christianity in the motley disguise of Ritualistic mummery. No ; but by that prayer which is the heart-expression of the faith which will in all ways, " work by love ; " by

endeavours to win from darkness to light those of Roman race who are so numerous on our own shores ;* and by forwarding the efforts of those who are doing the work of God in Rome itself.

Now, as was said earlier in this volume, Rome's priests turn away the eyes of her people from the Saviour to the "Madonna del Soccorso," or to her supposititious mother—St. Anne—or to some other in the pantheon of the Saints worshipped in the, alas ! in the main, still heathen city. Work among those so trained is slow and difficult. The worker best known to myself of the many there, is, as has been said, the Rev. James Wall. Patient and indefatigable, well ac-

* There are three Protestant missions to the Italians in London, one connected chiefly with the Scotch Church, in Cross Street, Hatton Garden, where the well-known and respected Leone Levi regularly instructs them in the Scriptures, and they have a fatherly missionary of their own race to go in and out among them. One of more recent date connected with the Church of England, in Chancery Lane,† with schools in Onslow Street, Farringdon Road, and one connected with the London City Mission, in Frith Street, Soho.

† The service formerly in St. Thomas', Bream Buildings, is now held in another church in the West Central district, St. Thomas' having been taken down.

quainted with the Roman character and customs, not easily deceived nor easily daunted, filled, above all, with love to his Master and dependence on His teaching and His aid, he is emphatically the right man in the right place. I understand he has just opened a new mission, supplementary to that long established in the centre of Rome—Piazza San Lorenzo in Lucina—the new one being at the base of the Tarpeian Rock, that portion of the city containing an altogether distinct colony. As has been previously mentioned, he is a Baptist. Myself a member of the Church of England, I am ready to own brotherhood with all “holding the Head,” and rejoice to feel and own it. What we want is not corporate outward unity (for *that* we must wait till He comes in Whom we are now invisibly, and shall then be visibly one), but more recognition of that inward Unity, and more love to each other, flowing from greater love to our common Lord. There is, happily, *one* clearly Evangelical English Church in Rome—Trinity Church—and with its minister Mr. Wall labours hand-in-hand.

It was good counsel which the King Umberto—who is said to be favourable to the Truth—gave to members of different Protestant churches, who waited on him in deputation ; counsel which might well be followed not in Rome alone, “ Be at peace among yourselves.”

In Rome’s great market-place of old,
Stood the young slaves with hair of gold,
And bright, clear eyes of heavenly hue,
Of very childhood’s truthful blue ;
“ Not Angli, Angels would they be,”
The Watcher* said, Great Gregory,
“ Were they but *Christians*, knowing Him,
The Lord of men and Seraphim,
Who died upon the Cross to win
Earth from the thrall of Death and Sin.
Go—cross the mountain and the wave,
Tell them of Him Who came to save.”
Forth went the preachers, England heard,
And in her heart received the Word.

* * * * *

And now we see the *dark-haired* slaves
Seeking our country o’er the waves,
From the same City where of yore
Stood the fair strangers from our shore.
Slaves these in soul. And shall this be,
Nor we in spirit feel *their* plea ?
For gyves they wear, more closely bound,
Than links of iron e’er were wound.

* Of course, alluding to the meaning of his name.

The outward eye no chains can see,
Yet are they kept from liberty :
Kept from the One Who loved and died,
For Man's salvation crucified ;
And taught to seek another's aid,
That *He* may be propitious made,
He Who beseeches all to come
And find in *Him* their Rest and Home.

* * * * *

England ! to thee thus Romans cry ;
O hear them not unheedingly !
They bore thy fathers tidings glad,
Whom the dark Runes made fierce, and sad,
Brought thee the Gospel o'er the main,—
Give them the Blessing back again !

E. S. G. S.

This is what Rome needs. For "If the Son shall make her free, she shall be *Free indeed.*"

(

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